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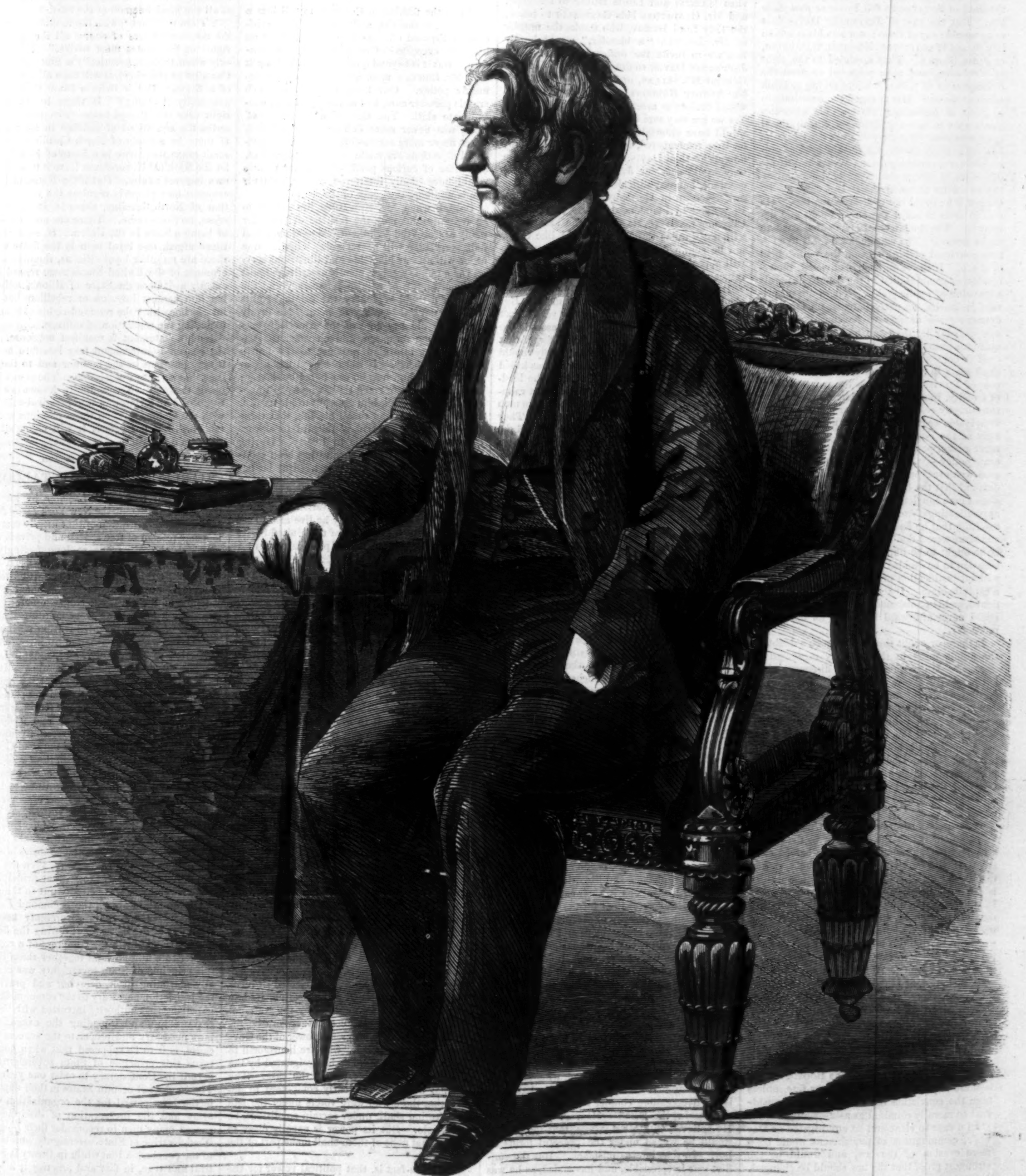


HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.—[Photographed by A. Gardner, and Published by Philp & Solomons, Washington.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 17, 1865.

THE FATE OF DAVIS.

The attempt is useless to compare Jefferson Davis with other noted political offenders. The London *Saturday Review*, one of our most scurrilous enemies, says that he is no more guilty than Washington, or Kossuth, or Garibaldi. The London *Star*, one of our truest friends, argues that every political execution, from Wallace to John Brown, has been a mistake. But all the instances named differ essentially from the case of Davis. Thus the limits of the prerogative of King Charles First had never been precisely defined, and his offenses were not declared capital by any existing law. Louis Sixteenth of France was not punished for his own crimes, but for those of a system of which he was a victim. The head of the Earl of Strafford fell by an *ex post facto* law. But the case of Jefferson Davis does not resemble any of these; nor was his rebellion like that of Washington, Kossuth, Garibaldi, or John Brown. They appealed to the right of revolution, and were prepared to meet the consequences of failure without trying to skulk off in petticoats. Davis urged the constitutional right of secession. He and his advocates claim that it was a question of constitutional interpretation. But they can not deny that he has deliberately incurred a certain penalty prescribed for a certain crime. When he put his difference of interpretation to the judgment of the sword he assumed the risk of suffering by the law if he could not overthrow the law. He rose in arms to resist the Government and destroy it. The fundamental law defines such an act as treason. The statute law awards to a citizen convicted of high treason the punishment of death. If therefore he be convicted, the remission or commutation of the penalty is purely a question of public policy. There are no private jealousies, no party hatreds, no family or dynastic pride or fear to be consulted. The sole question is, Does the national welfare require his execution?

If it does not, then it requires that treason shall cease to be a capital crime. If the treason of Davis, conspicuous for every extreme of ferocity, inhumanity, and malignity—a treason directly responsible for the untold and unimaginable cruelties practiced upon loyal citizens at the South, and for the horrors of the rebel prison pens, the consequences of a deliberate policy—ought to be condoned in any degree whatever, public decency and consistency demand that the law be changed. For if there were a man convicted of a single murder without any mitigating circumstances whatever except his assertion that he had a right to commit murder, and there were a doubt in the public mind whether he ought to be hung, it is plain that the real question to be decided would be whether murder without justification or extenuation ought to be a capital crime. If such an offender were pardoned, or his punishment were commuted, there could never afterward be reason for hanging a murderer.

Is there, or ought there to be, such a doubt in the public mind in this country in regard to treason? It is a question to be discussed without passion. Davis is indicted for treason, not for the wholesale massacres by hunger, thirst, and disease; not for the idiocy and madness which he has procured. That his execution would be lawful there is no dispute. But every thing which is lawful is not expedient. The power of pardon is designed to prevent lawful punishments which are inexpedient. Yet if in this case the lawful penalty be inexpedient, in no conceivable case of the kind can it ever be expedient.

It is useless to urge that the United States Government is now the strongest in the world, and may magnanimously dismiss a baffled conspirator with contempt. Why should it not dismiss a baffled pickpocket with contempt? It is possibly in no danger from the pickpocket. It is certainly in no danger from the conspirator. If treason be, like theft, a crime, it is as necessary that it should be punished according to law. If it be felt that it should not be punished according to law, it is because it is not regarded as a crime. When a notorious assassin who has long defied the law is finally secured and sentenced, there is no curious inquiry whether the sentence shall be executed. If Booth had been arrested unhurt there would have been no plea that magnanimity required his pardon or commutation of his punishment. Now the law awards the same penalty to treason as to assassination. Davis is as guilty as Booth. Why is there any question of his proper fate, unless from the conviction that treason is not considered so morally criminal as assassination?

In a case so clear and so unmitigated as Davis's, commutation of punishment would be a mere evasion of the law, and would be the strongest proof that the law should be changed. For we can not agree that exile would be, as claimed by some, a more impressive and useful doom than death. Whatever loyal American citizens and their friends elsewhere may think of the guilt of Davis, it is certainly true that there are hundreds and thousands of persons in this country who would consider themselves honored by his presence as a guest in their houses. Would the miscalled Union Club in the Fifth Avenue in New York, which refused to expel Judah Benjamin, his most wicked accomplice, be likely to refuse to entertain Jefferson Davis? Would Mr. Belmont, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who protected Lord Hartington in wearing a rebel badge in his house, probably close his doors to the chosen chief of the rebellion which Mr. Belmont so conspicuously honored?

And if this be so at home, how much more so would it be abroad! Morally speaking, Jefferson Davis is still the same man whom Mr. Gladstone, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, saluted as the Creator of a nation. He is still the same man who was chief leader of a people who Lord Russell, the British Foreign Minister, admiringly declared were fighting for independence. If the liberal and friendly Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, invites Mazzini and Louis Blanc to breakfast, and Mr. Gladstone bids Garibaldi to lunch, the Tory Lord Derby, who thinks the murder of Mr. Lincoln "a blunder," would hardly hesitate to invite the unfortunate gentleman, Jefferson Davis, to dinner; and we doubt if General M'Clellan, or his friend the Honorable August Belmont, were they in London, would decline to meet him at my Lord's table. Yet we are very sure neither of these gentlemen would have entertained Wilkes Booth, who, let it be remembered, is, in the eye of the law, no guiltier than Davis. And why, but because they would consider Jefferson Davis not a criminal, but a political exile, like Charles the Second in Germany, or the Count de Provence in Flanders, or Louis Philippe at Claremont. If Davis escape the gallows, he will not wander through the world like Cain, nor be shunned like Benedict Arnold. He will appeal to aristocratic sympathy and Tory respect, like a fallen Belisarius.

It is again said that blood enough has been shed, and that we wish to see no more. But those who say this forget that the very object of the death-penalty awarded to treason is the prevention of bloodshed. They also forget that a man who has murdered a whole family should hardly escape punishment because he has killed so many. So with the assertion that the leader of a great war can not be treated as a criminal. The framers of the Constitution were men who knew exactly what words meant. They knew that treason is in its nature an offense upon a great scale. When they contemplated the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* in case of rebellion they knew treason to be possible, and they defined treason to consist in levying war; and Congress, in the full light of all such knowledge, affixed death as the penalty of treason.

If, then, as our foreign friends, like the London *Star* and others, suggest, it would be wise and proper for the United States Government to save the life of Davis, it is equally wise that treason in England should cease to be a capital crime, for no treason against any Government can be so black as his; and treason against this Government is more inexcusable than against any other. All that we urge is, that if the public conviction does not justify the law that punishes treason with death the law shall be changed. If it is to be unchanged, it is not necessary for the vindication of the law that all convicted traitors shall be hung; but it is surely necessary for the purpose of the law that all shall not escape.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Upon the first page of this paper is the latest portrait of William Henry Seward, Secretary of State. His place in our history is secure. An early disciple of Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, faithful to the fundamental American principle of equal rights before the law, Mr. Seward's public career, begun at an early age, has been conspicuous and illustrious. His trust in popular institutions, in their capacity to right all wrongs, to correct their own errors, to secure the increasing prosperity of a rapidly increasing people by making justice more and more appear to be good policy, has been constant and sublime. It has been so constant, indeed, so unshaken, even by the near approach of civil war, as to have provoked the criticism that his faith was a dangerous optimism. Yet in essence the war has vindicated his faith. He believed that no government was so strong and persistent as a popular government, and it is proved. He was sure that the American people would not consent to a dissolution of the Union, and he is justified. He early saw, and, with Mr. Lincoln, he announced the simple truth that there is an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery in the same system of government. He believed with Mr. Lincoln that the contest would be waged under the peaceful forms of law. In that he was mistaken. But the conflict *was* irrepressible, and has ended, as he was sure it would end, in the triumph of liberty.

As a party man and a party leader Mr. Seward has excited jealousies and hostility. His temperament inclines him to conciliation, and conciliation demands diplomacy, in which he has signal skill. In a war such as ours has been the patriotic policy which one temperament honestly prefers is very sure to be branded as treacherous or lukewarm by another, and Mr. Seward has consequently not escaped the sneering censure of many who do not love liberty or the country more than he. He was sternly denounced for his speech in the secession winter of 1860-'61; but the disappointing moderation of that speech was due to his perception—clearer than that of his critics—of the probable scope and duration of a civil war. The event of every war is uncertain, and, firm as his faith in the popular system and the sure victory of liberty was, he evidently feared to take a terrible risk if it could be fairly avoided. Moreover, he knew that neither physically nor morally was the country ready for the war, and that delay was invaluable. He spoke, too, as a representative leader and a part of the new administration. If his tone were mild the moderation of the new policy would be inferred, and the plans of the conspirators would be so far baffled.

It was the fashion in Congress to call him a *doctrinaire*, a theorist, a dreamer. That criticism is disposed of. As Secretary of State he has been suspected of an unwonted conservatism. But it is beyond question that he thought with Mr. Lincoln upon all grave points of domestic policy. Our foreign relations, which are his peculiar care, he has managed with consummate skill. The task of a Secretary of State was never more difficult and delicate; it was never more successfully performed. After all objections are made, it will be plain that, at a time of curious peril, when other powers would have gladly interfered, he stayed their hands and kept the peace of the world.

Indeed, when Mr. Seward's life comes to be written—and may the task be deferred for many a year—the judgment of impatience and half knowledge will be revised. Then in due order will appear his noble and illustrious services as a public teacher, clearly asserting, amidst the loud tumult of a false Democracy and the rustle of a timid Whiggery, the original rights and the natural equality of man. He firmly struck the old key-note of the American doctrine so long forgotten, and charmed the national heart into glad response to the native melody of liberty. It did not need the assassin's blow to show how he was hated by slavery; but it may serve to teach those who seem sometimes ready to think him recreant to his nature, to his principles, and to all his life, that those who are still unswervingly faithful to slavery believe him no less true to liberty. During the war his faith in our success has been so jubilant that it was almost a jest. But he has lived to see the war ended, the Union maintained, his interpretation of the spirit of the Government and of the Constitution vindicated, and slavery abolished. May he live also to see every innocent free citizen of the United States enjoying his rightful share of political power!

REORGANIZATION OF STATES.

That the loyal freemen of a rebellious State who have fought bravely for the Government should be disfranchised, when the victory is won, by those in the same State who have fought against it, and who yield because they are conquered, not because they are converted, is something which we have no doubt seems as monstrous to President Johnson as to any other truly loyal citizen. The sole question in his mind undoubtedly is in what manner they shall be enfranchised. We therefore regard his proclamation for reorganization in North Carolina as tentative. It invites an expression of public opinion. The President does not assume to settle the question, for he knows that it must finally be decided by Congress, which is judge of the qualifications of its own members. And it is not improbable, that by some positive action like the proclamation he wished to concentrate public attention upon the subject.

The objection to the enfranchisement of all the freemen of the State for the primary election by the authority of the United States, is that suffrage is a matter left by the Constitution to be regulated by the States. Who, then, compose to-day the State of North Carolina? Who have the right to exercise political authority there? Who are "the people" of North Carolina?

By the arrest of Vance, duly elected Governor by the late laws of North Carolina, its late Constitution has been annulled by the National Government. The State can therefore be reorganized only by the supreme power of the Government. "The people" who are henceforth to constitute the State are to be designated by the nation. It is the necessity of the case. The national authority is clearly competent to declare that those who were voters under the late Constitution shall, under certain conditions, be the people. But its power is equally clear to declare that none of them shall make part of the people.

The plain fact is, that political power for the purpose of reorganization can be exercised only upon the terms prescribed by the National Government. The Supreme Court decided on the 9th of March, 1863, in the case of the *Hiawatha*, that by the laws of war every citizen in a hostile State was a public enemy. His subsequent participation in political power is therefore an act of grace, not a claim of right; and what shall determine the limits of that grace but the will of the authority that confers it? Whatever, for instance, the late Constitution of North Carolina may ordain, no citizen in that State can vote by any enabling force of that instrument. The State, therefore, as a political body, is to be re-created by the National Government. Otherwise it will no longer exist. But this re-creation is not restoration. The right of voting is not conferred because it was formerly enjoyed, for it is not conferred upon all, but only upon those whom the Government chooses. Many of those voters whom it will create were, indeed, formerly voters. But they are permitted to vote now, not because they once had the right, but because they are loyal, or for some other reason. And even if it were contended that the permission is to be viewed as the remission of a forfeited right, it is remitted upon conditions—and what is to prevent the imposition of a condition securing the enfranchisement of all the loyal freemen of the State?

We are told that "with the rehabilitation of the Southern States of course all the reserved rights of the States must revive." Undoubtedly when there is practically a State in North Carolina or elsewhere, it will have all the rights of a State. But is there a State there now, practically speaking? If there be, by what right does the United States Government prescribe the conditions of suffrage in the State? If there be a State of North Carolina, in the same sense that there is a State of New York, let the National Government leave it to settle its own internal affairs. But if the National Government may properly regulate the reorganization of North Carolina, there is, in the same sense, no State there. There are not two ways of being a State in the Union. If, as is sometimes urged, one loyal man is the State when there are no other loyal citizens, then the Government of the United States must regard him exactly as it does the State of Illinois, defending him against invasion or rebellion, but not interfering with "the reserved rights of States," including the regulation of suffrage.

Such a statement is manifest nonsense. If the National Government may interfere at all, it may interfere in the manner and to the degree that seem to it advisable. The object is to bring the political community known as the State of North Carolina into practical relations with the Union. When those relations are established, but not before, it will enjoy all the rights of every State.

HARLEQUIN AND PANTALOON.

The rebel Richmond *Enquirer* by an easy transition has become the New York *Daily News*. It is another illustration of that utterly remorseless suppression of free speech and private right of which the *News* has so long feelingly reminded us. For two years we have been daily informed by it that it was not permitted to call the President a tyrant, the Government a despotism, and the war wicked and shameful. For two years it has told us every morning that the minions of power prevented it from saying that Mr. Davis was a statesman of an inconceivable perfection of Christianity, and General Lee a warrior of incomprehensible genius. It has been a truly pathetic monument of the enormities which the novelist Sala and the poet Mackay described in the reddest ink for those friends of freedom the London *Times* and *Telegraph*. The divine right of State sovereignty and the odious crime of maintaining a national Government have been duly set forth in the *Daily News*. And now that the Richmond *Enquirer* has absorbed it, we shall doubtless continue to be assured that the Union is a "Confederacy" at will, and that supreme State sovereignty is the original fundamental Democratic doctrine.

"Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice." Let us refresh our memories with the real opinions of the *Daily News*, then the Richmond *Enquirer*, when the "great principle" of State sovereignty was actually put to the proof.

On the 6th of March the Richmond *Enquirer* asked, "Has not State sovereignty been the weakness of the cause? If during the life and death struggle, with the compress of a common danger to bind and hold together these States, this principle of State sovereignty was continually obtruding itself, delaying and preventing the legislation necessary to the common defense, impairing that authority intrusted with the general welfare, and impeding the execution of laws necessary and proper to the success of the cause, is it to be supposed that when peace returns this principle of State sovereignty will permit the Confederacy to exist one year?...... The conduct of certain States in their opposition to the laws passed for the organization of the army and the preservation of discipline, has caused many men to reconsider their long-cherished doctrine of State sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that while in theory it is beautiful and true, in fact and practice it is utterly defective."

Thus out of its own mouth, and not only by its acts, by the words of our fathers, by the Government they made, and by the common-sense of mankind, is the wild and wicked insurrection of State sovereignty against the national power condemned.

The *News* has been also unsparing in its denunciation of the Lincoln Despotism, to which President JOHNSON has succeeded. The Laws and the Constitution have been ruthlessly defied, according to the *Daily News*, and we are all groaning under a helpless tyranny; nor will there be any true peace and prosperity until the American people are again whipped into submission by an oligarchy of Southern slave drivers. Let us then attend to the instructions of the *Daily News*, at that time the Richmond *Enquirer*, on the 25th of February of this year. It said on that day: "The public safety is above laws and Constitution, and if a mistaken respect for the laws and the Constitution permits the public safety to be compromised, there will attach an awful responsibility to the Executive, which will be transmitted through all time in the miserable slavery of these people and their descendants."

These are the present doctrines of the rebel Richmond *Enquirer*, now the New York *Daily News*, upon State sovereignty and the law of Public Safety. We trust they are as agreeable to all its patrons as they are to loyal citizens of the United States, whose brave brethren, for maintaining those principles, have been slaughtered in the field and murdered in the prison for four years by men stimulated to fury by the Richmond *Enquirer*, and courted and defended by the New York *Daily News*.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

AFTER the dance the piper must be paid. For four years the country has been growing apparently rich on large issues of paper-money. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, $659,160,000 of legal-tender notes have been issued, and are still in circulation; to which must be added $130,000,000 of National Bank currency, and $24,600,000 of fractional currency, making over $813,760,000 of what is called money, now in the hands of the people, besides old State Bank issues. Over and above this so-called money, the people hold fully $1,700,000,000 of bonds, Treasury notes, certificates of indebtedness, and other evidences of public debt; all of which, for the time being, are representatives of value, and serve their owners in as good stead as so much bullion, land, or merchandise.

The effect of this vast addition to the apparent wealth of the people, in the shape of paper-money and paper evidences of debt, has been to increase to an astonishing extent the number of individual fortunes, and to stimulate internal traffic in a like degree. Of the former we see evidence in the fact that Government has always been able, in the darkest hours of the war, to borrow of the people from one to two millions a day—and latterly, in fair times, as much as ten and twenty millions a day. No people could lend so much and so constantly unless they were accumulating wealth—real or apparent—very fast indeed. As to the development of internal trade, the following statement tells the story conclusively:

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF RAILWAY TRAFFIC AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION AND AT ITS CLOSE:

	April, 1861.	April, 1865.	Increase.
Chicago and Alton.	$65,358	$263,149	$197,791
Erie Railway......	547,174	1,472,120	924,946
Hudson River.....	139,751	311,540	171,789
Illinois Central....	192,054	491,297	299,243
Prairie du Chien..	49,102	106,689	57,587
Michigan Southern	186,951	366,245	179,294
Michigan Central..	172,614	337,240	164,626
New York Central.	689,688	1,300,000	610,312
Fort Wayne......	270,675	738,107	467,432
Toledo and Wabash	76,274	144,001	67,727
Rock Island.......	76,609	186,172	109,583
Totals......	$2,466,250	$5,716,560	$3,250,310

It thus appears that the internal trade of the country more than doubled during the war. A part of the increase was due to the movement of troops and munitions of war for the service of Government. But by far the greater part was the fruit of the increased abundance of money, which generated trade and industry where they did not previously exist, and developed them where they had been planted before.

Now, the war is over, and the day of reckoning and liquidation is at hand. Not only must there be no more issues of paper-money, but it is of vital consequence that the issues now afloat should be withdrawn as soon as Government can do so. The United States can not afford to suffer their currency to remain in a position of disgrace. Pending the war, a premium on gold was inevitable, and, under the circumstances, was perhaps no dishonor. But it will be highly dishonorable, and eventually ruinous to our credit, public and private, if no steps are taken, on the restoration of peace, for the rehabilitation of the national currency. That piece of paper which the United States pronounce to be a dollar must be made worth a dollar in reality: a gold dollar, here and every where. So long as it is not worth a dollar in gold, so long is the Government of the United States in default: just as palpably in default as if it failed to pay the interest on its bonds.

That these views are entertained at Washington is no secret. Secretary M'CULLOCH loses no opportunity of expressing them. He has stated within a few weeks that, in his opinion, a resumption of specie payments within a very short period is by no means impossible. And, in truth, so far as the Government is concerned, it might resume much earlier than is generally supposed, if the question of revenue from taxes were not to be considered. Either by a sale of bonds at market-price, with the understanding that the currency paid for them should not be reissued; or by a gradual cancellation of currency received for taxes as well as loans; or by the accumulation of a specie reserve in the sub-treasuries; or by the sale of a large quantity of cotton, confiscated from its owners at the South; or by many other methods which will readily suggest themselves to the careful observer, it is in the power of Government at an early day to make good its promises to pay, and to render its dollar worth one hundred cents in coin. That such an operation, or even an effort to resume would involve much commercial distress, and tend to reduce the revenue from taxes is clear enough; and Secretary M'CULLOCH is understood to have expressed unwillingness to precipitate measures on this account. But after all the tug of war must come, sooner or later, and pending its advent, the suspense is very injurious.

We can no more expect to escape a period of commercial prostration after our paper-money inflation than a drunkard can hope to escape headache and physical prostration after a debauch. The country is so large, immigration so copious, and the soil so fertile, that we shall soon recover from any revulsion, however severe. But that a revulsion must come; that our great internal trade must fall off; that a long period of painful distress must attend the readjustment of prices consequent upon the reduction of our paper-money and the restoration of specie currency; that wages will fall and the demand for labor decline; that many of the great fortunes accumulated during the war must vanish—these are certainties so clear that no man of ordinary foresight will gainsay them. Already the indications are plain to view on the commercial horizon. Dread of the future is even now hampering and, in some degree, paralyzing business. No wise man is making paper which he may have to pay in specie. The great activity in trade which followed the fall of Richmond, and which was mainly due to the fact that the country was bare of goods and every store needed replenishing, has subsided, and on all sides we hear accounts of dullness and stagnation. At the South the new relations of the United States toward cotton owners operate to check receipts of that staple. At the West farmers are at issue with railroads on the question of freights, and until the controversy culminates, as it will some time this summer, in a railroad war, we must not expect heavy receipts of produce at the sea-board. In Wall Street unparalleled dullness prevails in every department of business, save only the subscription to the national loan. The headache to come after our debauch is kept constantly in view by all classes, and all who are prudent are setting their houses in order, to be prepared for it when it comes.

How long must they wait? How long will the people of the United States be content to endure—in time of peace—the evils of a depreciated currency, and the curse of fluctuations in gold which convert the most legitimate operations of commerce into mere gambling transactions? We have heard much lately of the duty of making personal sacrifices in order to get rid of the national debt. Where is the man who would not make some sacrifice—ay, and a large one—to restore the money he earns to the specie standard, and to know when he has got a dollar that it is really a dollar in gold—worth a dollar all over the world?

These are not pleasant reflections, and not cheerful prospects. But they can not be overlooked. Inflation is always more agreeable than contraction, just as Champagne is more exhilarating than headache. But he who partakes of the one must prepare for the other, under penalty of being overwhelmed if he neglects to do so. We have got an immense debt to provide for, and a large portion of it in such a shape that its adjustment will involve great trouble. The sooner we buckle to our work the better for us and our children. And all unnecessary delays on the part of Government, prompted by tenderness for the mercantile community or nervousness about the receipts from taxes, only postpone the evil day, and create a period of suspense scarcely less prejudicial to the true interests of the country than the worst revulsion which could follow a return to sound principles.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

IF the testimony of SANDFORD CONOVER, JAMES B. MERRITT, and RICHARD MONTGOMERY be unimpeached, the immediate complicity of JACOB THOMPSON, TUCKER, SANDERS, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and BENJAMIN in the murder of the President is established. The plot was openly discussed, and a distinct approval came from Richmond.

The other intentions of these men are also set forth in the testimony. In the absence of any other proof, there is nothing improbable in CONOVER'S statements. Look at another page of this paper, and see how these same rebels treated our prisoners of war. Men who could commit crimes so unspeakable would not hesitate to cut off the water from the city of New York and poison the reservoirs, bringing the most fearful misery and suffering upon the poorest people.

It will not be long before the poor laboring men in this country, who are painfully striving to better their condition, will learn that a class of men like the late Southern slaveholders, and their agents in Canada, and their political allies in the Free States, are just as solicitous for the rights of men, and are just as democratic, as their friends and supporters Lord PALMERSTON and the British aristocracy—and no more.

REPUDIATION.

THE Telegraph has deceived us so often that we decline to believe its report of a late speech of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, which makes him say that he advises the American people to repudiate their honest debts. That WENDELL PHILLIPS counsels rascality is impossible. He may have said that unless all the loyal freemen at the South are enfranchised the war has been in vain, and is, in a sense, a moral fraud. But that he said that the poor widows and mothers of soldiers, whom we solemnly promised to pay for their services, and who died in the performance of their duty, shall starve, unless the Government enfranchises the colored men in North Carolina, we do not believe. If we are mistaken our readers shall know it.

"THE CHICAGO REPUBLICAN."

THE HON. CHARLES A. DANA, late Assistant Secretary of War, is editor in chief of the new paper in the Northwest under this title. Mr. DANA has remarkable qualifications for such a position. His great experience as the managing editor of the New York *Tribune*—his wide acquaintance with public men and intimate knowledge of public affairs—his generous and varied scholarship—his profound faith in the true American doctrine of equal rights—his clear and alert intellect—his prompt and incisive judgment—his brilliant and vigorous style as a writer—his marvelous executive faculty—all indicate him as peculiarly the man for the place. We heartily welcome him back again to his old career, and gladly anticipate the new advantage it insures to the good old cause.

BASE-BALL.

THE Athletic Base-Ball Club of Philadelphia comes to New York about the 12th of June to play with various clubs in the city and vicinity, and will then return to receive visits at home from their friendly rivals. The games of these athletes are most attractive. They are sometimes witnessed by not less than ten thousand persons, including ladies. There is no nobler or manlier game than base-ball, and the more it is cultivated the better for the country. The constantly increasing taste for athletic exercises promises an unusual interest in the visit of the Philadelphia champions, who "most positively decline entertainments," and who will be most heartily welcomed.

LITERARY.

"Life of Abraham Lincoln," by FRANK CROSBY, of the Philadelphia Bar (J. E. POTTER & Co., Philadelphia). The author of this comely volume does not pretend to write the full biography of Mr. LINCOLN, which can not yet be properly written; but he has prepared a sketch of his public career from the beginning to the end, and includes in it all the chief speeches and documents of the late President. It is a very timely, useful, and convenient book.

We must say another word in praise of "The Publisher's Circular," which is promptly published every month by G. W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and which contains, besides a valuable list of the month's publications in the United States and England, and the announcements of works to be published, notices of new books and most pleasant and interesting letters from Paris and London full of literary gossip not found elsewhere. The last number reprints a letter of Dr. ALLIBONE, the indefatigable author of the Dictionary of Authors, that he is now engaged, and has been for six months, on the letter W, and that this, the twelfth year of his labor, will probably complete his truly invaluable work. "The letter S alone," says Dr. ALLIBONE "(there were about 700 Smiths), occupied me about twenty-two months, working as a rule from 9 A.M. to 6 and later P.M., with intervals for meals," etc.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPORT.

UNDER date of May 9 General Sherman submitted to Lieut.-General Grant a report of his operations against General Johnston and his negotiations with that General.

General Sherman received the news of the battles about Petersburg April 6. At that time he estimates Johnston's force to have been 35,000 infantry with from six to ten thousand cavalry. During the week following Johnston's army was retreating rapidly upon Greensborough, and Sherman was pursuing with as much promptness as circumstances allowed. Sherman alludes to an offer made about this time by General Halleck to relieve him of the task of cutting off the retreat of the rebel army. "It may be," he says, "that General Halleck's troops can outmarch mine, but there is nothing in their past history to show it. Or it may be that General Halleck can inspire his troops with more energy of action; I doubt that also, save and except in this instance, when he knew the enemy was ready to surrender or disperse." On the 14th of April Johnston made the first proposal looking toward negotiation. Sherman agreed to meet the rebel General on the 17th, but in the mean time went on with his preparations for an action. At noon on the day appointed the two Generals met. This was the first time Sherman had ever seen Johnston. "Our interview," he says, "was frank and soldier-like, and he gave me to understand that further war on the part of the Confederate troops was folly; that the cause was lost; and that every life sacrificed after the surrender of Lee's army was the highest possible crime. He admitted that the terms conceded to General Lee were magnanimous and all he could ask; but he did want some general concessions that would enable him to allay the natural fears and anxieties of his followers, and enable him to maintain his control over them until they could be got back to the neighborhood of their homes, thereby saving the State of North Carolina the devastation inevitably to result from turning his men loose and unprovided on the spot, and our pursuit across the State. He also wanted to embrace in the same general proposition the fate of all the Confederate armies that remained in existence. I never made any concessions as to his own army, or assumed to deal finally and authoritatively in regard to any other; but it did seem to me that there was presented a chance for peace that might be deemed valuable to the Government of the United States, and was at least worthy the few days that would be consumed in reference. To push an enemy whose commander had so frankly and honestly confessed his inability to cope with me was cowardly, and unworthy the brave men I led."

Upon Sherman's return to Raleigh all his general officers urged the conclusion of terms which would accomplish so complete and desirable an end. The next day another interview took place between Johnston and Sherman. Then it was that the memorandum of terms was penned by Sherman on his own motion and signed by both generals. This memorandum was intended as a basis for reference to the President of the United States. It expressed Sherman's own judgment of the policy to be pursued, but was not final. He had no intention of usurping the powers of those superior to him; indeed he had been previously asked to arrange civil negotiations by President Lincoln. The letter advising General Grant to confine himself to military negotiations had not come to his knowledge. His main object was to prevent the dispersion of Johnston's army.

As soon as the disapprobation of the memorandum was known to him General Sherman notified Johnston of the suspension of the truce, and on the 26th of April Johnston surrendered on the terms granted to Lee. The rebel General was not aware of Grant's presence at Raleigh.

General Sherman complains, with some degree of justice, of the haste with which his memorandum was published and commented upon as if he were aware of the President's letter to General Grant, when Secretary Stanton knew he had never seen or heard of the letter. He also complains of the ostentatious parade which was made of General Halleck's dispatches to Sherman's subordinate officers advising them to obey no orders of General Sherman.

In regard to Stanton's publication of his memorandum General Sherman says: "On the evening of the 2d of May I returned to Hilton Head, and there for the first time received the New York papers of April 28, containing Secretary Stanton's dispatch of nine A.M. of the 27th April to General Dix, including General Halleck's from Richmond of nine P.M., the night before, which seems to have been rushed with extreme haste before an excited public, viz.: morning of the 28th. You will observe from the dates that these dispatches were running back and forth from Richmond and Washington to New York, and there published while General Grant and I were together in Raleigh, North Carolina, adjusting to the best of our ability the terms of surrender of the only remaining formidable rebel army in existence at the time east of the Mississippi River. Not one word of instruction had been sent to me of the displeasure of the Government with my official conduct, but only the naked disapproval of a skeleton memorandum sent properly for the action of the President of the United States. The most objectionable feature of my memorandum had already (April 24) been published to the world in violation of official usage, and the contents of my accompanying letters to General Halleck, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton of even date, though at hand, were suppressed. In all these letters I had stated clearly and distinctly that Johnston's army would not fight, but if pushed would 'disband' and scatter into small and dangerous guerrilla parties, as injurious to the United States as to the people themselves: that all parties admitted that the rebel cause of the South was abandoned, that the negroes were free, and that the temper of all was most favorable to a lasting peace. I say all these opinions of mine were withheld from the public with a seeming purpose. And I do contend that my official experience and former services, as well as my past life and familiarity with the people and geography of the South, entitled my opinions to at least a decent respect."

A CORRECTION.

In our last number we stated that the Second Army Corps was commanded by General French. This is a mistake which we made inadvertently. From its organization until after the battle of Antietam this corps was commanded by General E. V. Sumner. General French commanded a brigade in that corps.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Wilson has issued orders prohibiting the meeting of the Georgia Legislature.

Clement L. Vallandigham has written a letter acknowledging that he was in the wrong about the war for the Union.

A note from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, dated May 17, 1865, says that 2200 nautical miles of the Atlantic cable have been completed, and that he expects to sail the last of June or early in July.

Hon. Judge Calvin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Nashville, May 30.

The rebel Secretary Mallory and Senator Hill have been sent to Fort Warren.

The Secretary of the Treasury has published a correct statement of the public debt, as appears from the books, Treasurer's returns, and requisitions in the Department on the 31st of May, 1865. The recapitulation shows the amount outstanding, bearing interest in coin, to be $1,108,113,842; the interest being $64,480,489 50. The debt, bearing interest in lawful money, is $1,058,476,371; the interest being $60,158,384 52. The debt on which interest has ceased is $786,270. The debt bearing no interest is $472,829,270 57. The total indebtedness is $2,635,205,753 50, the interest, both in gold and paper, being $124,638,874. The amount of legal tender notes in circulation is $659,160,569. These include $432,687,966 of the new issue, and $160,143,620 of the compound interest notes under the act of June 30, 1864. The uncalled for pay requisitions is $40,000,000, and the amount in Treasury notes over $25,000,000. The amount of fractional currency is $24,667,000.

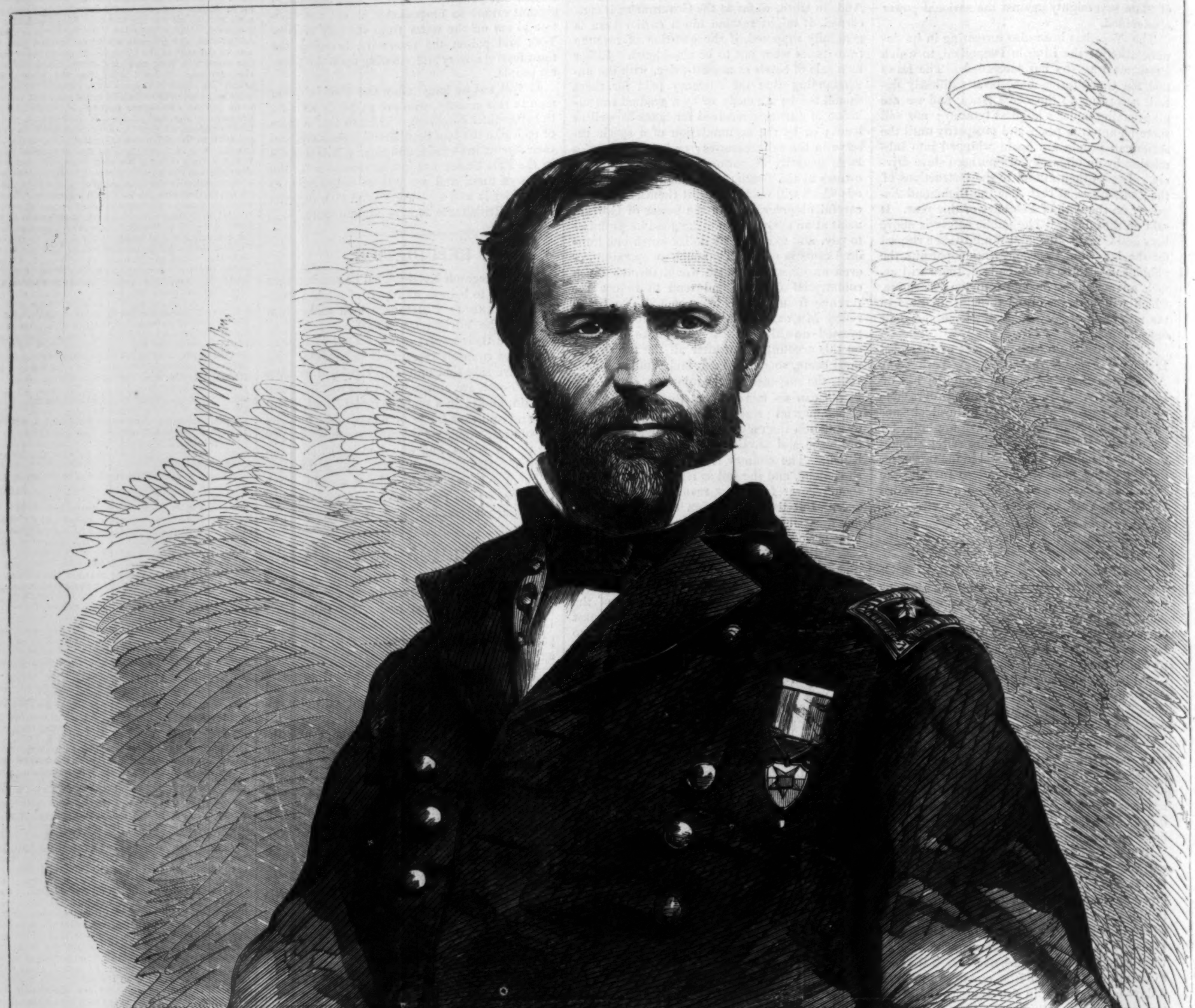
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE English Government has determined to modify the order of January 30, 1862, by removing the restrictions placed upon American war vessels. This modification bears date May 11.

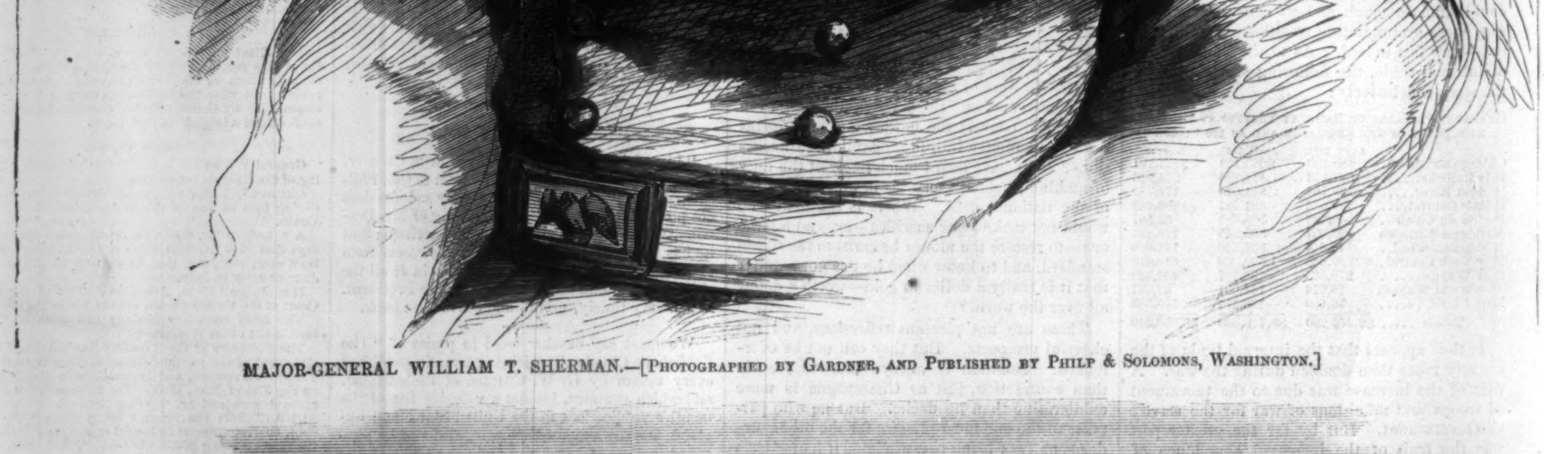
There was considerable excitement in Europe recently in prospect of trouble between France and the United States; but this has subsided upon the receipt of later intelligence from this country. Prince Napoleon, in a speech delivered at the ceremony of uncovering the monument to Napoleon I. at Ajaccio, eulogized the Democracy and Constitution of America, and spoke with favor of the Monroe doctrine.

Garibaldi recently addressed a letter to the editors of the London *Public Opinion* on the relations between England and America. After expressing his wonder that the people who first established the principle of emancipation did not more positively encourage the same principle in America, he thus concludes:

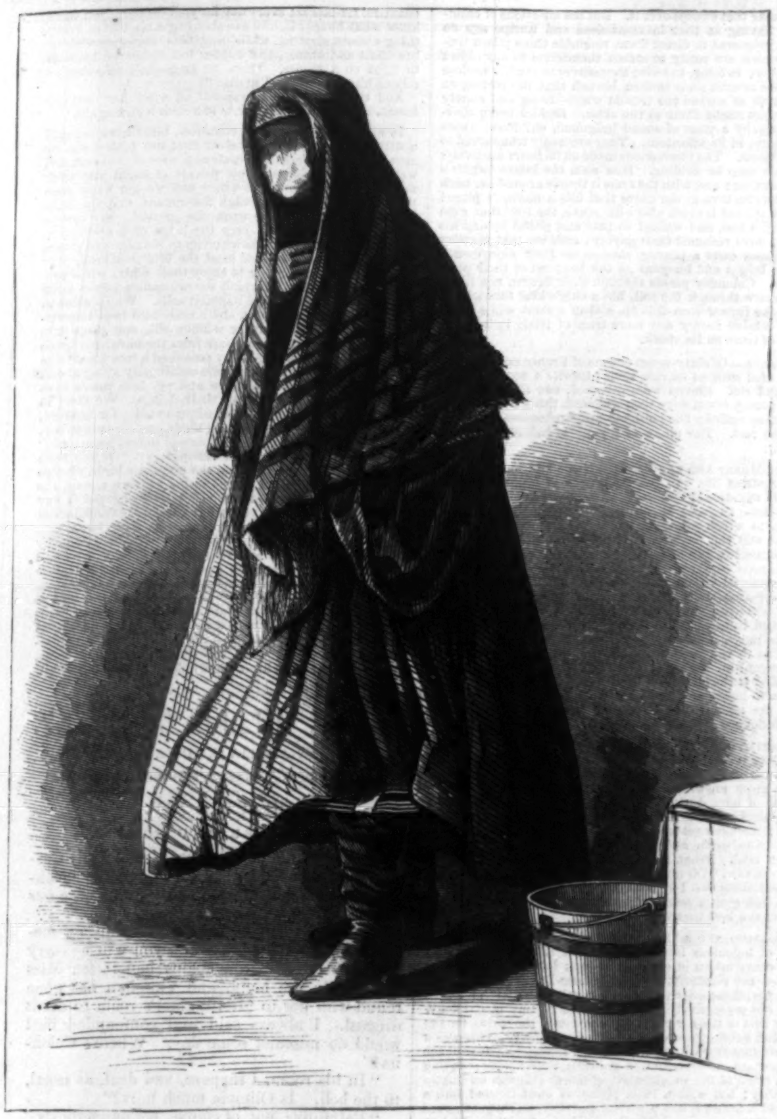
"May these lords of the ocean agree, then, for the good of oppressed humanity! Sons of the same mother, may they see that their noble race is nowadays the bulwark of the right of nations, and that despotism foments dissension between them because it fears them, and because it knows that, if they were on good terms, it would be impossible for it to execute its designs, which are fatal to liberty every where."



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[Photographed by Gardner, and Published by Philp & Solomons, Washington.]



GENERAL WEITZEL'S TEXAS EXPEDITION—THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS.—[Sketched by Frederick Dielman.]



THE CLOTHES IN WHICH DAVIS DISGUISED HIMSELF.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT BY ALEXANDER GARDNER.]

CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

THERE is no longer any doubt about DAVIS having been disguised in woman's clothes at the time of his capture. Major-General WILSON thus confirms what he first gave as a report:

"The story of DAVIS's ignoble attempt at flight is even more ignoble than I told it. Mrs. DAVIS and her sister, Miss HOWELL, after having clothed him in the dress of the former, and put on his head a woman's head-dress, started out, one holding each arm, and besought Colonel PRITCHARD's men, in most piteous terms, to let them take their 'poor old mother out of the way of the firing.'

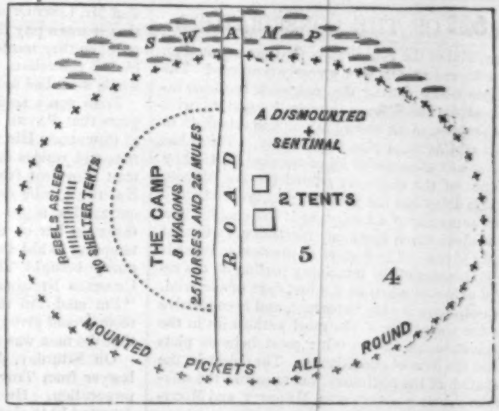
"Mrs. DAVIS said, 'Oh! do let us pass with our poor old mother, who is so frightened and fears to be killed.' One of PRITCHARD's men, catching sight of the 'President's' boots below the skirts of the dress, suspected at once who the poor old mother was, and replied, 'Oh no! you don't play that game on us; them boots don't look very much like they belonged to a woman. Come down, old fellow!'

"The party reached here at 2 P.M. this afternoon, took dinner at my head-quarters, and after dinner I received Mr. DAVIS at my head-quarters. Our conversation was mostly about West Point, the army, the surrender of DICK TAYLOR, the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, and the journey North. During the conversation he brought in his little son JEFF and introduced him.

"He remarked, with a smile, that he thought the United States would find graver charges against him than the murder of Mr. LINCOLN, and seemed to regret that Mr. LINCOLN had been killed. He has asked no favors, but Mrs. D. insinuates once in a while that the 'President' is not treated with becoming dignity."

DAVIS was captured in a deep pine forest in the gray of the morning. We give in the subjoined cut a sketch of the scene of his capture. We also give on this page portraits of the officers engaged in the capture.

The clothes in which DAVIS was taken, and of which we give an illustration, consisted of a long gray cloak with sleeves, and a black shawl with orange border.



THE SCENE OF DAVIS'S CAPTURE, NEAR IRWINVILLE, GA.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

WE give on page 372 an illustration of the fleet which has already started for the Gulf. Its original design has been considerably modified by KIRBY SMITH's surrender. The expedition, under the command of General GODFREY WEITZEL, has been for some time fitting out at Hampton Roads. It takes out the Twenty-fifth Army Corps.

Preparatory to its sailing orders were issued to the commanding officer on board each vessel to proceed first to Mobile Bay, in the vicinity of Forts Morgan and Gaines, with the view of making a rendezvous at that harbor, in order to coal the steamers, and to thoroughly cleanse them before proceeding any further southward.

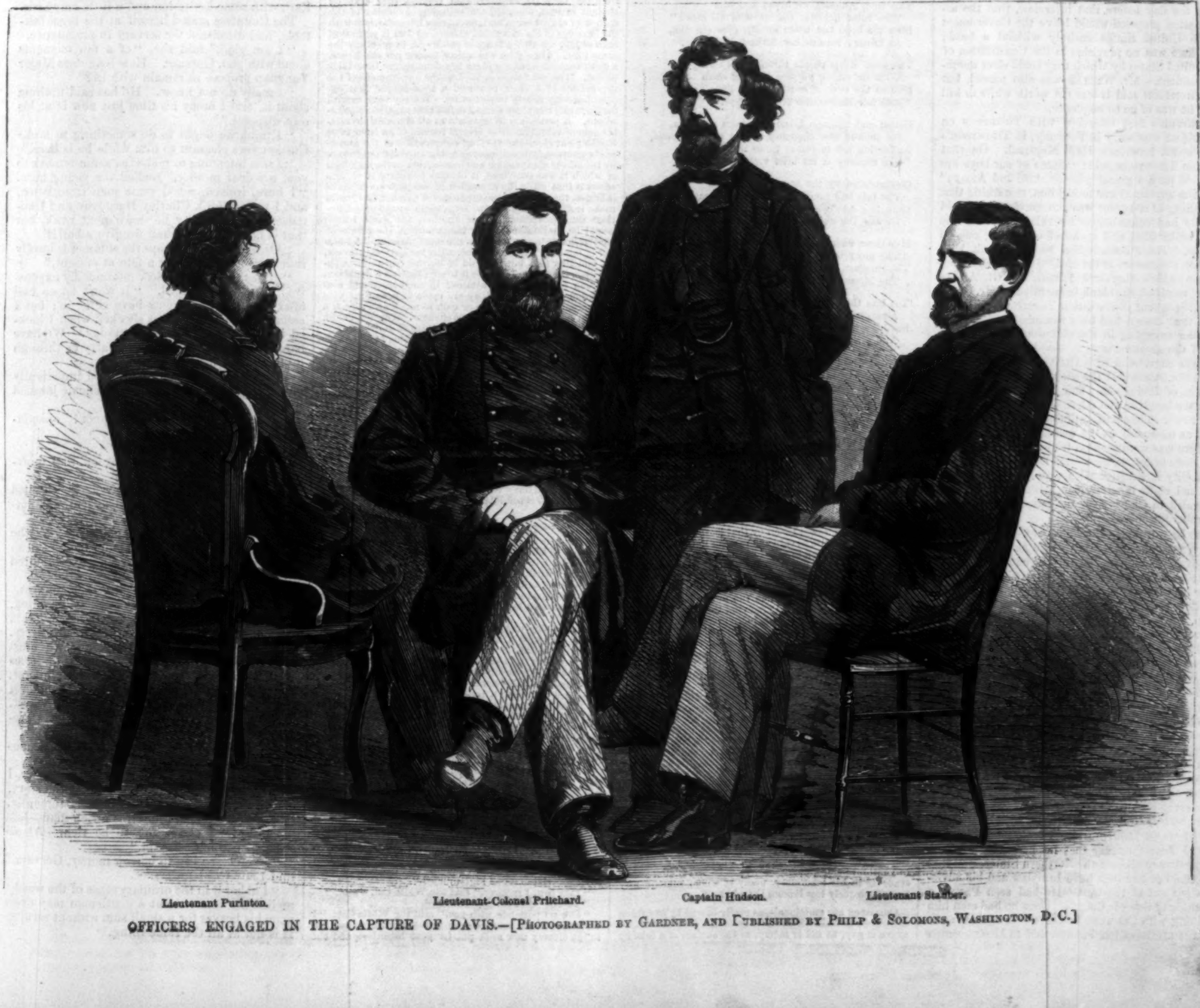
The steamers composing this expedition fleet are among the largest and best adapted to a long sea voyage of any known to the mercantile service, and were chartered especially by the different quartermasters in New York and Philadelphia.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE panoramic View of Richmond given on pages 376 and 377 is now of great interest. No spot within the limits of the territory lately included in the rebellion is invested with so much importance. The war began almost with an attempt to capture Richmond. To effect that object a score of great battles have been fought, and army after army has been raised. The whole war in the West was a gigantic flank movement on Richmond.

The population of Richmond before the war had increased to between 30,000 and 40,000. The city is located on the west side of the James River, and 150 miles above its mouth. Directly opposite is Manchester, with which it is connected by two bridges. The city is spread over two hills, the Richmond and Shockoe. The elevations present many very picturesque views of the city, the river, and the surrounding country. The streets cross at right angles, and the city is supplied with gas. The Capitol stands on Shockoe Hill, in the centre of a public square. In the centre of a spacious hall in the middle of the building stands a marble statue of WASHINGTON, near which is a marble bust of LAFAYETTE. Fronting Capitol Square is the City Hall. Richmond is an important railroad centre, and the river and canal increase the facilities for commerce.

We give on page 381 an interesting sketch of rebel soldiers subscribing to the oath of allegiance. The scene of the picture is the Senate Chamber of the late Rebel Congress at Richmond.



Lieutenant Purinton. Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard. Captain Hudson. Lieutenant Stauber.

OFFICERS ENGAGED IN THE CAPTURE OF DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The trial of the conspirators for the assassination of President Lincoln is now nearly concluded. The evidence which during the past week has been introduced for the defense is entirely negative, with the exception of an absurd attempt to establish, in behalf of Payne, a plea for insanity. There has been no sort of necessity for protracting the trial by evidence of the character offered for the defense. But this delay has not been entirely unsatisfactory to the prosecuting attorney, as it has enabled him to introduce much testimony corroboratory to that already given. The feature of greatest interest is the publication of the remaining portion of the reserved evidence taken on the first days of the trial. This testimony is very important, and is conclusive as to the complicity of the rebel authorities in the assassination, as also in other most heinous plots against the lives of our citizens. The object for the reservation of the testimony was to secure the safety of the witnesses—Conover, Merritt, and Montgomery.

Sanford Conover, the most prominent of these witnesses, is a native of New York. He has resided in Canada since October, 1864. He testifies that he was conscripted into the Confederate army, and detailed to service in the rebel War Department at Richmond, under James A. Seddon, the Secretary of War, and that while in Canada he was intimately acquainted with George N. Sanders, Jacob Thompson, Dr. Blackburn, Beverly Tucker, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, and others. He knew Surratt also, and Booth. He saw Surratt in Canada on several occasions last April in Thompson's room, also in the company of Sanders and other rebel agents. On the 7th of April he saw him in company with Thompson, Sanders, and Booth. He saw Surratt at that time deliver dispatches from Richmond to Thompson. These dispatches were from Benjamin and Davis—that from the latter being either a cipher dispatch or a letter. Previous to this occasion Thompson had conversed with Conover upon the subject of a plot to assassinate President Lincoln and his Cabinet. He corresponded at that time with the New York *Tribune*, receiving compensation from that journal. In one of his letters he gave warning of the existence of a plot to assassinate the President. This letter, it appears, failed to reach the *Tribune*. One letter was received, however, giving intimation of a plot to kidnap the President, with a suggestion of his possible murder. Thompson invited Conover to take part in this enterprise. When Surratt delivered the messages above alluded to Thompson laid his hand upon the papers and said, referring to the assassination and to the assent of the rebel authorities, "This makes the thing all right." The dispatches spoke of the persons to be assassinated: Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, Judge Chase, and General Grant. Mr. Thompson said on that occasion, or on the day before that interview, that the assassination proposed would leave the Government of the United States entirely without a head; that there was no provision in the Constitution of the United States by which they could elect another President. Mr. Welles was also named, but Mr. Thompson said it was not worth while to kill him; he was of no consequence.

Conover's first interview with Thompson on the subject was early in February, in Thompson's room in St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. On that occasion Thompson said: "Some of our boys are going to play a grand joke on Abe and Andy;" which he explained was to kill him, remarking that the killing of a tyrant was not murder. He said that he had commissions for this work from the rebel authorities, and spoke of conferring one on Booth. These commissions were in blank, with Seddon's signature at the end. It was such a commission which Bennett Young, the St. Albans raider, received, the blank being filled by Mr. Clay. In a subsequent conversation Thompson told Conover that Booth had been commissioned, and every man engaging in the plot would be. On the day of the assassination, or the day before, Conover was conversing with Cleary about the rejoicing in the States over the surrender of Lee and the capture of Richmond. Cleary said they would have the laugh on the other side of the mouth in a day or two. The assassination was spoken of among them as commonly as the weather.

There was a proposition before the rebel agents in Canada to destroy the Croton Dam, by which New York City is supplied with water. These agents also had eight hundred men, with arms for them, concealed in Chicago for the purpose of releasing the rebel prisoners there.

Dr. Blackburn, according to Conover's testimony, was recognized in Canada as a rebel agent. Conover had heard Thompson and Cleary say that they favored his scheme for introducing yellow-fever into New York and other large cities. About the time when it was proposed to cut off the Croton Dam, Dr. Blackburn proposed to poison the reservoirs and calculated the amount of poison necessary. Thompson, however, thought it impossible to collect so large a quantity of poison without suspicion.

James B. Merritt, a physician in Canada, corroborated Conover's testimony. He had heard Sanders and others say that Lincoln would not live out his second term. Sanders named a number of persons ready and willing to remove the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, and some of the leading United States Generals. He heard Sanders read a letter from President Davis justifying him in making any possible arrangement for the accomplishment of that end. Merritt also bore witness to Booth's intimacy with Sanders.

Richard Montgomery testified that he had heard Thompson say that he had friends of the Confederacy all over the Northern States, and that he could at any time have Lincoln and his advisers put out of the way. He had seen Payne a number of times in Canada. Once he had seen him talking with Clement C. Clay. A few days after the assassination Tucker said to Montgomery that Mr. Lincoln ought to have died long ago, and that it was a pity the boys had not been allowed to go when they wanted to. Cleary also talked with him on the subject, and said it was too bad that the whole work had not been done.

From some testimony offered on Friday it appears that Payne previously passed by the name of Powell. His father's name is George Powell, and resides in Florida. That he is a brutal man is evident from the testimony of Margaret Kaigham, who deposed that he had shamefully outraged a negro girl for disobeying his orders, throwing her on the floor, stamping her, and attempting to kill her. In regard to the plea of insanity brought forward in Payne's behalf Dr. Charles Nichols testified that the exclamation, "I'm mad, I'm mad!" uttered in Mr. Seward's room, would give ground in his mind to a suspicion that the man was feigning insanity.

On Saturday, June 3, Marcus P. Norton, a lawyer from Troy, New York, was sworn for the prosecution. He was at the National Hotel from January 10 to about the middle of March. While there he saw Atzerott and O'Loughlin in company with Booth. This was about the time of Lincoln's inauguration. He overheard a conversation between Booth and Atzerott, the substance of which was that, if the matter succeeded as well with Johnson as it did with Buchanan, they would get terribly sold. There was also something said to the effect that the company of witnesses would be of that character that little could be proven by them. On the 3d of March Dr. Mudd entered Norton's room hastily and appearing to be greatly excited. He said he had made a mistake, that he wanted to see Booth.

In regard to the testimony implicating Davis and the rebel agents in Canada in the assassination, it is very plain that, being so circumstantial, it can easily be proved to be false. Until rebutting testimony is offered, it must stand as true.

REUNION.

[*From the London Spectator.*]

An end at last! The echoes of the war—
The weary war beyond the western waves—
Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves:

The graves of heroes who have won the fight,
Who in the storming of the stubborn town
Have rung the marriage peal of might and right,
And scaled the cliffs and cast the dragon down.

Pæans of armies thrill across the sea,
Till Europe answers—"Let the struggle cease,
The bloody page is turned; the next may be
For ways of pleasantness and paths of peace!"—

A golden morn—a dawn of better things—
The olive-branch—clasping of hands again—
A noble lesson read to conquering kings—
A sky that tempests had not scoured in vain.

This from America we hoped and him
Who ruled her "in the spirit of his creed."
Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim,
As History records her darkest deed?

The pilot of his people through the strife,
With his strong purpose turning scorn to praise,
E'en at the close of battle reft of life,
And fair inheritance of quiet days.

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just,
He showed how clemency should temper power,
And dying left to future times in trust
The memory of his brief victorious hour.

O'ermastered by the irony of fate,
The last and greatest martyr of his cause;
Slain like Achilles at the Scæan gate,
He saw the end, and fixed "the purer laws."

May these endure and, as his work, attest
The glory of his honest heart and hand—
The simplest, and the bravest, and the best—
The Moses and the Cromwell of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite,
Awe-stricken by the universal gloom,
See his name lustrous in Death's sable night,
And offer tardy tribute at his tomb.

But we who have been with him all the while,
Who knew his worth, and loved him long ago,
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isle
There is no room at last for Lincoln's foe.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The End of Lavoisier.—The great French chemist Lavoisier did not escape from the terrors of the French Revolution—that social and political tempest in which the most illustrious were the first to suffer. Cast into prison upon the most absurd and groundless charges, the Lycée des Arts sent a deputation of their number to him to assure him of the interest taken by that learned body in the preservation of a life so valuable to mankind, and to place upon his head a crown in token of the respect entertained toward the man who had rendered so many services to his country. Unfortunately, Lavoisier, besides being a man of eminent merit and of high connections, was a farmer of taxes—a class toward which the public enmity raged with extraordinary fury. Perceiving that his life was in danger, he sought refuge in a place prepared for him by M. Lucas, who had once been the doorkeeper at the Académie des Sciences; but hearing that twenty-eight of his associates had been consigned to the revolutionary dungeons, his generous nature was unwilling to prolong the danger to which he exposed his benefactors, and he voluntarily surrendered himself to the jailors. In his prison Lavoisier continued those scientific labors which had gained him so great a fame, although he was informed that he would be brought to trial in a few days. To be tried at that time was to be condemned. Lavoisier begged only a short delay, in order that he might complete a few experiments and bequeath their results to the world; but the reply of the execrable Fouquier Tinville, the public prosecutor, was simply, "The Republic has no need of chemists nor of chemistry; the course of justice shall not be interrupted." A few days later this great man perished by the guillotine. Lavoisier was a man of great generosity and benevolence. Only the year before the commencement of the Revolution, the town of Blois being threatened by a famine, he had placed a sum of fifty thousand francs at the disposal of the town without fixing any time for repayment. He was remarkable for his kindness to youthful genius, and took delight in assembling young students in his laboratory, many of whom subsequently became scarcely less famous than himself.

Children are emotional—as easily moved by any thing calculated to make them weep or laugh, love or hate, be grave or gay, be sad or merry, as the surface of a lake by the breeze that sweeps over it. But the affections of childhood, having at that inexperienced and unripe age no sound judgment to direct them, resemble those pliant tendrils which are ready to attach themselves to any object whatever; to cling, to twine themselves as readily in close embrace around some broken branch that lies rotting on the earth as around the tree on whose strong and stately stem they might climb to the skies. Besides being characterized by a want of sound judgment, childhood wants steadiness in its affections. They are easily transferred to new objects. The impressions made on its heart are lively, but not deep or abiding. How soon the infant forgets a dead mother; and with the arms it throws around her neck transfers its love to the nurse that fills a mother's place! Before the sod is green above his grave, the boys that wept a father's loss, and walked so pale and pitiful behind his coffin, have resumed their gayety; and, but that memory sometimes casts a passing shadow on their enjoyments, are as bright and buoyant as the happiest of their playmates. Calamity passes through their hearts, not like a plowshare through the soil, but a ship's keel through the sea; the furrow soon fills up, and in a short while childhood retains hardly any more trace of trials in its heart than of tears on its cheek.

Queens.—Of sixty-seven queens of France only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is indeed filled with thorns.

The Heart and the Brain.—Heart and Brain are the two lords of life. In the metaphors of ordinary speech and in the stricter language of science we use these terms to indicate two central powers, from which all motives radiate, to which all influences converge. They rule the moral and the physical life: the moral owes to them its continuous supply of feelings and ideas; the physical its continuous supply of food and stimulus. All the composite material which serves to build up the bodily fabric and repair its daily waste is only so much "carted material" awaiting the architect, until it has twice passed through the heart—until, having been sent by the heart to the lungs, it has there received its plastic virtues, and returns to the heart to be thence distributed throughout the organism. So much is familiar to every one; but less familiar is the fact that this transmission of the blood from heart to lungs, and its distribution throughout the organism, are rendered possible and made effective only under the influence of the brain.

Taking up Indifferent Husbands.—A little man, asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful cane-brake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw, "Oh no," replied she; "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left."

Galileo and a Chandelier.—Among the great number of ingenious improvements that have been made in the construction of clocks, and that have at length produced the wonderfully accurate time-keepers of the present age, there are two we are compelled to notice, as opening out successively new eras in the history of horology. The first of these was the substitution of the spring for the falling weight to serve as the driving power. This was a great step forward, for it permitted the manufacture of the important desideratum, a portable time-keeper; during the reign of the weight-moving power this was an impossibility; but with a little ribbon of steel twisted into a small compass it was practical and easy, and henceforward time-keepers were made in the form of pocket-watches. The probable date of this improvement was about the middle of the sixteenth century. The second era dates from the time (about 1582) that Galileo, then a young student at Pisa, observed the swinging chandelier of the cathedral of that town, and, comparing its oscillations with the beatings of his own pulse, discovered that it performed each swing, whether a large or small one, in precisely the same time. Here then was a time-keeper *par excellence*, a definite motion taking place in a definite and invariable period. The pendulum applied to the government of the movements of a clock produced a time-keeper that approached very nearly to perfection. We say very nearly, for there still remained a small defect that experience pointed out. A pendulum to maintain at all times an invariable rate of vibration must always remain of an invariable length; but since the varying temperature of the atmosphere alternately lengthened and shortened the pendulum, by the effects of expansion and contraction on the materials of which it was composed, it became necessary so to construct it that while the expansion of one part would make it longer, the simultaneous expansion of another part would make it shorter, and the two expansions in opposite directions thus compensating one another, the same length would be maintained at all temperatures, the effects of contraction being corrected in the same manner. A number of methods have been used, with more or less success, for effecting this, but it would be beyond our limits to enter upon them here. Suffice it to say, that such perfection has now at length been attained in the theory and construction of clocks, that they are made to keep time with such accuracy as not to lose or gain so much as a second a day, in spite of any atmospheric changes. The great clock at Westminster Palace goes with a rate of under one second a week. To comprehend this marvelous precision, we must bear in mind that a second is little more than the 90,000th part of a day. But as a matter of course, clocks that go thus accurately are of the highest possible class of construction, and without the reach of ordinary purses; they can only be used as the standards by which to regulate our ordinary clocks and watches.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

"So! poor Tom is caught at last," said the White Cat, with a sorrowful look; "there's no chance for him now: he's sure to be drowned. Poor Tom! as merry and good-tempered a fellow as ever went on four legs."

"Tom! what, that immense gray creature with black stripes?" inquired the lady's favorite Tortoise-shell, who sat like a huge round muff in front of the fire, and scarcely condescended to open her eyes as she asked the question.

"Yes, a fine handsome gray he is, with bright black stripes, and such a noble tail!" replied the White Cat, much offended at the Tortoise-shell's manner and words.

"I'm glad of it," said the Tortoise-shell, curling herself round more comfortably than ever. "Society must be considered; and the sooner such characters as your friend Tom are driven from it the better."

"What do you mean by 'characters,' pray?" asked the White Cat, fiercely.

"Thieves and vagabonds, merely that," answered the Tortoise-shell. "That fellow has been one ever since I knew him; and no doubt it is for some robbery that he is now about to suffer condign punishment."

"Thieves and vagabonds, indeed! Why, he did but eat a bit of liver when the cook left the pantry door open," said the White Cat, indignantly.

"No matter," said the Tortoise-shell; "it was a theft; and, as I said, society and its interests must be attended to. Now I have been left in the pantry when better things than liver have been there; but did I ever condescend to touch a delicacy? No, never. Ask cook if she ever minded whether I was in or not; and, if such fellows as Tom are to be permitted to live, I don't see what reward there is for the virtuous and high-minded."

"Like *you*, I suppose," said the White Cat.

"Ye-e-s," said the Tortoise-shell.

"I've no patience with you," said the White Cat; "I can tell you that most of your virtue and high mind lies in the creamy new milk put for your breakfast, and the beautiful tid-bits set every day for your dinner; you don't know what hunger is, and can always get the best of every thing without stealing, while poor Tom often goes without breakfast and dinner, and supper too, unless he happens to light on a mouse. There he goes—he's off—they've missed him this time—I'm glad!"

And the White Cat scampered off after her runaway friend, to caution him never to run such a risk again.

In all ages, and in many countries, birds have enjoyed a dominion as powers of the air that has been given by men to no other class of animals as powers of the earth and water. We wonder at their powers of flight and their marvelous migrations. Nowhere can we get away from the birds. We ascend a high monument, and the birds are as much at home as upon the ground. We scale a cliff, and the birds glide over the ledge of it and return again, while we shudder as we creep to the edge and glance over. Far away at sea we meet the birds careering over the waves, and appearing to enjoy their flight, while perhaps the frail vessel in which we are sailing labors along with creaking timbers and flapping sails. We sit alone in our most private chamber, and a little bird hops impertinently upon the balcony or window-sill, and peeps into the room. Nowhere are we safe from the birds, and hence the ancients believed that they possessed a rare knowledge of human affairs. As they were continually flying about, they were supposed to observe and pry into men's most secret actions, and know all their doings. We meet in the Greek poets with many allusions to this; for instance, in Aristophanes's comedy of the Birds, one is made to say, "No one knows of my treasure, except indeed some bird;" and again, Sophocles makes Œdipus say, "If you have received any information from the prophetic birds, divulge it." The idea, indeed, passed into a proverb among the Greeks, to the effect that when they were engaged in any secret action, no one knew what passed "except indeed some bird." A like expression has come down to our own times. "For," preaches Ecclesiastes, "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter;" inasmuch as we say, when we wish to affect mystery as to the true source of our information, "A little bird has told me" so and so; and the idea is very prettily rendered by Hans Christian Andersen in his story of the Fir-tree, where the young tree wonders what is done with the trees taken out of the wood at Christmas-time. "Ah, we know—we know," twittered the sparrows, "for we have looked in at the windows in yonder town."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Late, and alone, Gervase?" said Lady Castletowers, with cold displeasure. "The breakfast-bell rang ten minutes ago. Where are our guests?"

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, mother," replied the Earl, "and you will be sorry for the cause. Sardanapalus had bitten Miss Colonna in the hand, and Vaughan has gone round with her to Mrs. Walker's room to get it dressed. I always said that confounded bird would do mischief some day. Where's Colonna?"

"In his room, I suppose, and deaf, as usual, to the bell. Is Olimpia much hurt?"

"Painfully; but, of course, not dangerously."

"There is no necessity for my presence?"

"No absolute necessity," rejoined the young Earl, with some hesitation and a little emphasis.

The Countess seated herself at the breakfast-table, and dismissed the servant in attendance.

"I am glad," said she, "of a few moments alone with you, Gervase. How long does Major Vaughan propose to remain with us?"

"I really do not know. He has said nothing about it, and I fancy his time just now is at his own disposal."

"I think we ought to do something to make Castletowers pleasant to him while he is here."

"I was intending to make the same remark to you, my dear mother," replied the young man. "I have, indeed, asked some men from town, and I rather think Charley Burgoyne and Laurence Greatorex may be down next week, but that is not enough. Shall we give a ball?"

"Or a fête; but perhaps the summer is hardly sufficiently advanced for a fête at present."

"And then a fête is so confoundedly expensive!" groaned the Earl. "It won't be so bad after the half-yearly rents have come in; but I assure you, mother, I was shocked when I looked into my banker's book yesterday. We have barely a couple of hundreds to carry us through up to midsummer."

The Countess sighed, and tapped impatiently on the edge of the table with her delicate jeweled fingers.

"It's a miserable thing to be poor!" ejaculated the Earl.

"My poor boy, it is indeed."

"If it hadn't been for paying off that mortgage of Oliver Behren's—"

"Which your father's extravagance entailed upon us!" interrupted Lady Castletowers, bitterly.

"If it hadn't been for paying that off," he continued, "our means would now have been so comfortable. That two thousand five hundred a year, mother, would have made us rich."

"Comparatively rich," replied the Countess.

"Well, it's of no use to be always moaning, like the harbor bar in Kingsley's poem," said the young man, with an air of forced gayety. "We *are* poor, dearest mother, and we must make the best of it. In the mean while let us by all means give some kind of entertainment. You can think the matter over, and whatever you decide upon is sure to be best and wisest. I must find the money somehow. Perhaps Trefalden could advance me a hundred or two."

"Has he not lately come into an enormous fortune?" asked the Countess, abstractedly.

"No, not our Trefalden, but some member, I believe, of his family. I don't know the story, but I have heard it is something very romantic. However, Trefalden himself is a rich man—he's too quiet and clever not to be rich. At all events, I can but ask him."

"I don't like you to borrow money, Gervase," said Lady Castletowers.

"I abhor it in the ordinary sense of the word," replied her son. "But a gentleman may draw upon his lawyer for a small sum without scruple. It is not at all the same thing."

"If I could but see you well married!" sighed the Countess.

Lord Castletowers shrugged his shoulders.

"And occupying that position in the country to which your birth and talents entitle you. I was talking about you the other day to the Duke of Dorchester. He seems to think there must be a change in the ministry before long; and then, if he, and one or two others of our acquaintance, get into office—nous verrons!"

"There are always so many ifs," said Lord Castletowers, with a smile.

"By-the-way, Miss Hatherton—the rich Miss Hatherton—is staying at Aylsham Park. Of course, if we give a fête, the Walkingshaws will bring her with them. It is said, Gervase, that she has a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Indeed!" said Lord Castletowers, indifferently.

"And she is handsome."

"Yes—she is handsome."

The Countess looked at her son. The Earl looked out of the window.

"I fancy," said the Countess, "that Major Vaughan is paying a good deal of attention to Olimpia."

"To—to Miss Colonna?" said the Earl, with an involuntary catching of his breath. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because— Well, perhaps I scarcely know why; but it seems so unlikely."

"Why unlikely?" pursued the Countess coldly and steadily.

"Well, Vaughan is not a marrying man—and he has no private means, or next to none, besides his pay—and—and then, they are so utterly unsuited—unsuited in every way—in tastes, ages, dispositions, every thing!"

The young man spoke hastily, and with a perceptibly-heightened color. His mother, still coldly observing him, went on.

"I do not agree with you, Gervase," said she, "in any one of your objections. I believe that Major Vaughan would quite willingly marry, if Olimpia were the lady. He is not more than forty; and if he has only a few hundreds a year besides his pay, he is, at all events, richer than Olimpia's father. Besides, he is a gallant officer; and if all that Colonna anticipates should come to pass, a gallant officer would be worth more than a mere fortune, just now, to the Italian cause."

The Earl still stood by the window, looking out at the park and the blue hills far away, but made no reply.

"He has said nothing to you upon the subject?" said Lady Castletowers.

"Nothing."

"Perhaps, however, it is hardly likely that he would do so."

"Most unlikely, I should say. But here's the letter-bag—and here come surgeon and patient."

Lady Castletowers became at once condolent and sympathetic; Mademoiselle Colonna laughed off the accident with impatient indifference; Major Vaughan bowed over his hostess's fair hand; and all took their places at table.

"A budget, as usual, for Colonna," said Lord Castletowers, sorting the pile of letters just tumbled out of the bag. "One, two, three billets, redolent of what might be called the parfum du boudoir, for Vaughan—also, as usual! Two letters, my dearest mother, for you; and only one (a square-shouldered, round-fisted, blue-complexioned, obstinate-looking business document) for myself. A pretty thing to lie at the bottom of one's letter-bag, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket!"

"It hath a Bond Street aspect, Castletowers, that affects me rather unpleasantly," said Major Vaughan, from whose brow the angry flush with which he had received his three letters and swept them carelessly on one side had not yet quite faded.

"Say rather a Chancery Lane aspect," replied the young Earl, breaking the seal as he spoke; "and that's as much worse than Bond Street as Newgate is worse than the Queen's Bench."

"Bond Street and Chancery Lane, Newgate and the Queen's Bench!" repeated Mademoiselle Colonna. "The conversation sounds very awful. What does it all mean?"

"I presume," said Lady Castletowers, "that Major Vaughan supposed the letter to be written by a—a tailor, or some person of that description; while it really comes from my son's lawyer, Mr. Trefalden."

"I met Mr. Trefalden a few weeks ago," said Mademoiselle Colonna, "in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland?" echoed Lord Castletowers.

"And he authorized me to add his name to our general committee list."

"A miracle! a miracle!"

"And why a miracle?" asked Lady Castletowers. "Does Mr. Trefalden disapprove the Italian cause?"

"Mr. Trefalden, my dear mother, never approves or disapproves of any public movement whatever. Nature seems to have created him without opinions."

"Then he is either a very superficial or a very ambitious man," said Lady Castletowers.

"The latter, depend on it. He's a remarkably clever fellow, and has good interest, no doubt. He will set his politics to the tune of his interest some day, and make his way to the woolsack 'in a galliard.'"

"I am glad this is but a conjectural estimate of Mr. Trefalden's character," said Olimpia.

"You like him, then?" said Major Vaughan, hastily.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but if these were proven facts, I could never speak to him again."

Signor Colonna came in and made his morning salutations, his eyes wandering eagerly toward his letters all the time.

"Good-morning—good-morning. Late, did you say? Peccavi! So I am. I lost myself in the library. Bell! I heard no bell. Pray forgive me, dear Lady Castletowers. Any news to-day? You were early this morning, Major Vaughan. Saw you in the saddle soon after six. Plenty of letters this morning, I see—plenty of letters!"

And with this he slipped into his seat, and became at once immersed in the contents of the documents before him.

"Trefalden writes from town, mother," said Lord Castletowers. "He excuses his delay on the plea of much business. He has been settling his cousin's affairs—the said cousin having come in for between four and five millions sterling."

"A man who comes in for four or five millions sterling has no right to live," said Major Vaughan. "His very being is an insult to his offended species."

"But if this cousin should prove to be a lady?" suggested Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I would condemn her, of course—to matrimony."

"I should think Trefalden would take care of that!" laughed the Earl.

"But *is* the cousin a lady?" asked Lady Castletowers, with seeming indifference.

"Alas! no, my dear mother, too surely he belongeth to the genus homo. Trefalden's words are—'I have been assisting my cousin in the arrangement of his affairs, he having lately inherited a fortune of between four and five millions sterling.'"

"I have no doubt that he is fat, ugly, and disagreeable," said Major Vaughan.

"And plebeian," added Lady Castletowers, with a smile.

"And illiberal," said Olimpia.

"And, in short, so rich," said the Earl, "that were he hideous and ignorant as Caliban, society would receive him with open arms, and the beauty of the season would gladly wear orange-blossoms for him at St. George's! What says this honorable company—shall I invite him down to Castletowers for a week or two, and shall we all fall to worshiping the golden calf?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Olimpia, scornfully; but she was the only one who replied.

The breakfast party then broke up. The Earl went to his stables, Olimpia to her apartments, and Major Vaughan to the billiard-room. Signor Colonna and Lady Castletowers strolled to and fro in the sunshine, outside the breakfast-room windows.

"But who is this millionaire?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

"Caro amico, you know as much as I know," replied Lady Castletowers. "He is a cousin of our solicitor, Mr. Trefalden, who is a very well-bred, gentlemanly person. As for this fortune, I think I have heard that it has been accumulating for one or two centuries—but that is probably a mere rumor."

"Between four and five millions!" ejaculated Colonna. "With such a fortune, what might not be done by a friend to the cause!"

Lady Castletowers smiled.

"Sempre Italia!" she said.

"Sempre Italia!" replied he, lifting his hat reverently as he pronounced the words. "While I live, Lady Castletowers. While I live."

They had come now to the end of the path, and were about to return when he laid his hand on hers, and said, very earnestly:

"I wish I could see this man. I wish I knew him. I have won over thousands of recruits in my time, Alethea—thousands who had only their blood to give, and gave it. Money is as precious as blood in a cause like ours. If we had had but *one* million eighteen months ago Italy would now have been free."

"Ah, you want me to help you—you want Gervase to bring him here? Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I suppose it can be done—somehow."

"I think it can," replied Colonna. "I am sure it can."

"And it might lead to great results, eh?"

"It might, indeed it might."

"Your personal influence, I know, is almost magical," mused Lady Castletowers; "and if our millionaire should prove to be young and impressionable—

She hesitated. He looked up, and their eyes met.

"Olimpia is very lovely," she said, smiling; "and very fascinating."

"I have thought of that," he replied. "I have thought of that; and Olimpia would never marry any man who did not devote himself to Italy body and soul."

"And purse," added Lady Castletowers, quietly.

"And purse, of course," said he, with a somewhat heightened color.

"Then I will do what I can, dear old friend, for your sake," said Lady Castletowers, affectionately.

"And I," he replied, "will do what I can for the sake of the cause. God knows, Alethea, that I do it for the cause alone—God knows how pure my soul is of any other aim or end!"

"I am sure of it," she replied, abstractedly.

"Had I but the half of four or five millions at command, the stake upon which I have set my whole life and my child's life would be won. Do you hear me, Alethea?—would be, *must* be won!"

"And shall be won, amico, if any help of mine can avail you," said Lady Castletowers. "I will speak to Gervase about it at once. He shall ask both the cousins down."

"Best friend," murmured the Italian, taking the hand which she extended to him, and pressing it gratefully in both his own.

"But beware!—not a word to him of all this. He has his English notions of hospitality—you understand?"

"Yes—it is true."

"Adieu, then, till luncheon."

"Addio."

And the Countess, with a look of unusual preoccupation on her fair brow, went slowly back to the house, thinking of many things, chiefly of how her son should some day marry an heiress, and how Olimpia Colonna should be disposed of to Saxon Trefalden.

CHAPTER XV.

SAXON DRAWS HIS FIRST CHECK.

A tall young man stood at the first-floor window of a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly, drumming upon the plate-glass panes, and staring listlessly down upon the crowded street below. It was about two o'clock in the day, and the brilliant thoroughfare was all alive with color and sunshine; but his face took no joyousness from the busy scene. It wore, on the contrary, as gloomy and discontented an expression as such a bright young face could well put on. The ceaseless ebb and flow of gorgeous equipages; the fair pedestrians in their fashionable toilets; even the little band of household troops riding by in helm and cuirass, failed apparently to interest that weary spectator. He yawned, looked at his watch, took an impatient turn or two about the room, and then went back to the window, and drummed again upon the panes. Some books, an opera-glass, and one or two newspapers lay on the table; but the leaves of the books were uncut, and only one of the newspapers had been unfolded. Too ennuyé to read, and too restless to sit still, this young man evidently found his time hang heavily upon his hands.

Presently a cab drove up to the hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out. The first of these was William Trefalden; the second, Lord Castletowers. William Trefalden looked up and nodded as he came up the broad stone steps, and the watcher at the window ran joyously to meet him on the stairs.

"I'm so glad you've come!" was his eager exclamation. "I've been watching for you, and the time has seemed so long!"

"I am only twenty minutes late," replied Mr. Trefalden, smiling.

"But it's so dreary here!"

"And I bring you a visitor," continued the other. "Lord Castletowers, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Saxon Trefalden. Saxon, Lord Castletowers is so kind as to desire your acquaintance."

Saxon put out his hand, and gave the Earl's a hearty shake. He would as soon have thought of greeting his guest with a bow as of flinging him over the balcony into the street below.

"Thank you," said he. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"I am surprised that you find this situation 'dreary,' Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, with a glance toward the window.

"I find all London dreary," replied Saxon, bluntly.

"May I ask how long you have been here?"

"Five days."

"Then you have really had no time to form an opinion."

"I have had time to be very miserable," said Saxon. "I never was so miserable in my life. The noise and hurry of London bewilder me. I can settle to nothing. I can think of nothing. I can do nothing. I find it impossible to read; and if I go out alone in the streets I lose myself. Then there seems to be no air. I have inhaled smoke and dust, but I have not *breathed* since I came into the place."

"Your first impressions of our Babel are certainly not couleur de rose," said the Earl, laughingly.

"They are couleur de Lothbury and couleur de Chancery Lane," interposed William Trefalden. "My cousin, Lord Castletowers, has for these last four days been the victim of the law. We have been putting him in possession of his property, and he has seen nothing of town save the gold regions east of Temple Bar."

"An excellent beginning," said the Earl. "The finest pass into Belgravia is through Threadneedle Street."

"And the noblest prospect in London is the Bank of England," added the lawyer.

"I thought it very ugly and dirty," said Saxon, innocently.

"I hope this law business is all over now," said Lord Castletowers.

"Yes, for the present; and Saxon has nothing to do but to amuse himself."

"Amuse myself!" echoed Saxon. "I must go home to do that."

"Because Reichenau is so gay, or because you find London so uninviting?" asked the Earl, with a smile.

"Because I am a born mountaineer, and because to me this place is a prison. I must have air to breathe, hills to climb, and a gun on my shoulder. *That* is what I call amusement."

"That is what I call amusement also," said Lord Castletowers; "and if you will come down to Surrey I can give you plenty of it—a fishing-rod and a hunter included. But in the mean while, you must let us prove to you that London is not so barren of entertainment as you seem to think."

"Let this help to prove it," said Mr. Trefalden, taking from his pocket a little oblong book in a green paper cover. "There's magic in these pages, my dear fellow. They contain all the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the world we live in. While you have this in your pocket you will never want for amusement—or friends; and when you have come to the end of the present volume the publishers will furnish you with another."

"What is it?" said Saxon, turning it over somewhat doubtfully.

"A check-book."

"Pshaw! money again. Always money!"

"Don't speak of it disrespectfully. You have more than you can count, and as yet you neither know what it is worth nor what to do with it."

"Pray enlighten me, then," said Saxon, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Tell me, in the first place, what it *is* worth?"

"That is a matter of individual opinion," replied Mr. Trefalden, with one of his quiet smiles. "If you ask Lord Castletowers, he will probably tell you that it is worth less than noble blood, bright eyes, or Italian liberty. If you ask a plodding fellow like myself, he will probably value it above all three."

"Well then, in the second place, what am I to do with it?"

"Spend it."

Saxon shrugged his shoulders; and Lord Castletowers, who had colored up somewhat angrily the minute before, laughed, and said that it was good advice.

"Spend it," repeated the lawyer. "You never will know how to employ your money till you acquire the art of getting rid of it. You have yet to learn that instead of turning every thing into gold, like Midas, you can turn gold into every thing. It is the true secret of the transmutation of metal."

"Shall I be any the wiser or happier for this knowledge?" asked Saxon, with a sigh.

"You can not help being the wiser," laughed his cousin; "nor, I should think, the happier. You will cease to be 'dreary' in the first place. He who has plenty of money and knows how to spend it is never in want of entertainment."

"Ay, *and knows how!* There is my difficulty."

"If you had read Molière," replied Mr. Trefalden, "you would be aware that a rich man has discernment in his purse."

"Cousin, you are laughing at me."

It was said with perfect good humor, but with such directness that even Mr. Trefalden's practiced self-possession was momentarily troubled.

"But I suppose you think a rich fellow can afford to be laughed at," added Saxon, "and I am quite of your opinion. It will help to civilize me, and that, you know, is your mission. And now for a lesson in alchemy. What shall I transmute my gold into first?"

"Nay, into whatever seems to you to be best worth the trouble," replied Mr. Trefalden. "First of all, I should say, into a certain amount of superfine Saxony and other cloths; into a large stock of French kid and French cambric—and a valet. After that—well, after that, suppose you ask Lord Castletowers's opinion."

"I vote for a tall horse, a short tiger, and a cab," said the young Earl.

"And chambers in St. James's Street," suggested the lawyer.

"And a stall at Gye's."

"And all the flowers, pictures, Baskerville editions, Delphin classics, organs, and Etruscan antiquities you take it into your head to desire! That's the way to transmute your metal, you happy fellow! Taken as a philosophical experiment, I know nothing more beautiful, simple, and satisfactory."

"You bewilder me," said poor Saxon. "You speak a language which is partly jest and partly earnest, and I know not where the earnestness ends, or where the jest begins. What is it that you really mean? I am quite willing to do what you conceive a man in my position should do; but you must show me how to set about it."

"I am here to-day for no other purpose."

"And more than this, you must give me leave to reject your system, if I dislike, or grow weary of it."

"What! return to roots and woad after Kühn and Stultz?"

"Certainly, if I find the roots more palatable, and the woad more becoming."

"Agreed. Then we begin at once. You shall put yourself under my guidance, and that of Lord Castletowers. You shall obey us implicitly for the next six or eight hours, and you shall begin by writing a check for five hundred, which we can cash at Drummond's as we go along."

"With all my heart," said Saxon; and so, aided by his cousin's instructions, sat down and wrote his first check.

"He's a capital fellow," said Lord Castletowers to Mr. Trefalden, as they went down the hotel stairs; "a splendid fellow, and I like him thoroughly. Shall I propose him at the Erectheum? He ought to belong to a club, and I know some men there who would be delighted to do what they could for any member of my introduction."

"By all means. It is the very thing for him," replied Mr. Trefalden. "He must have acquaintances, you know; and it is out of the question that a busy man like myself should do the honors of town to him or any one. Were he my own brother I would not undertake it."

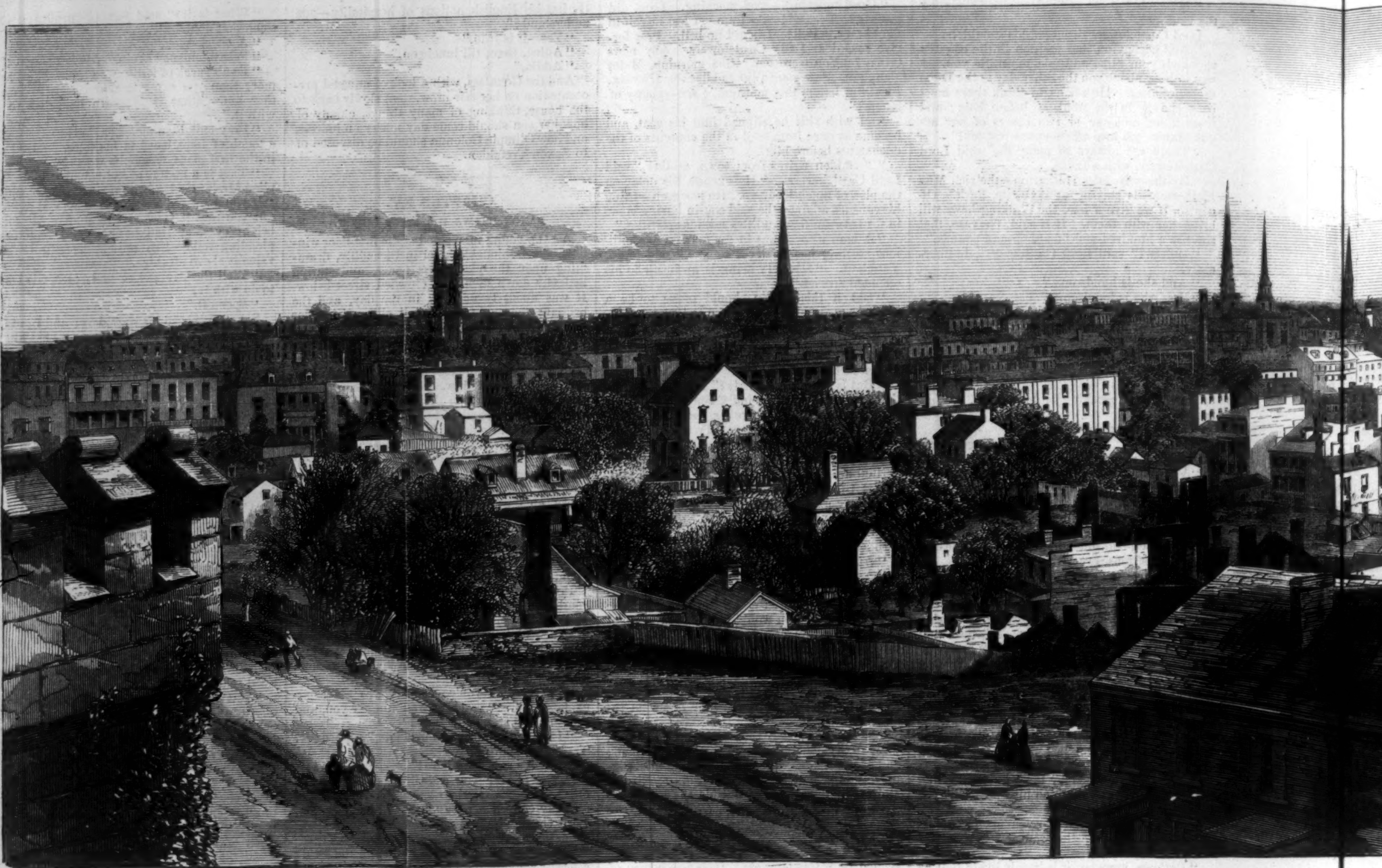
"And I am never here myself for many days at a time," said the Earl. "London is an expensive luxury, and I am obliged to make a little of it go a long way. However, while I am here, and whenever I am here, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to show Mr. Saxon Trefalden any attention in my power."

"You are very kind. Saxon, my dear fellow, Lord Castletowers is so good as to offer to get you into the Erectheum."

"The Erectheum of Athens?" exclaimed Saxon, opening his blue eyes in laughing astonishment.

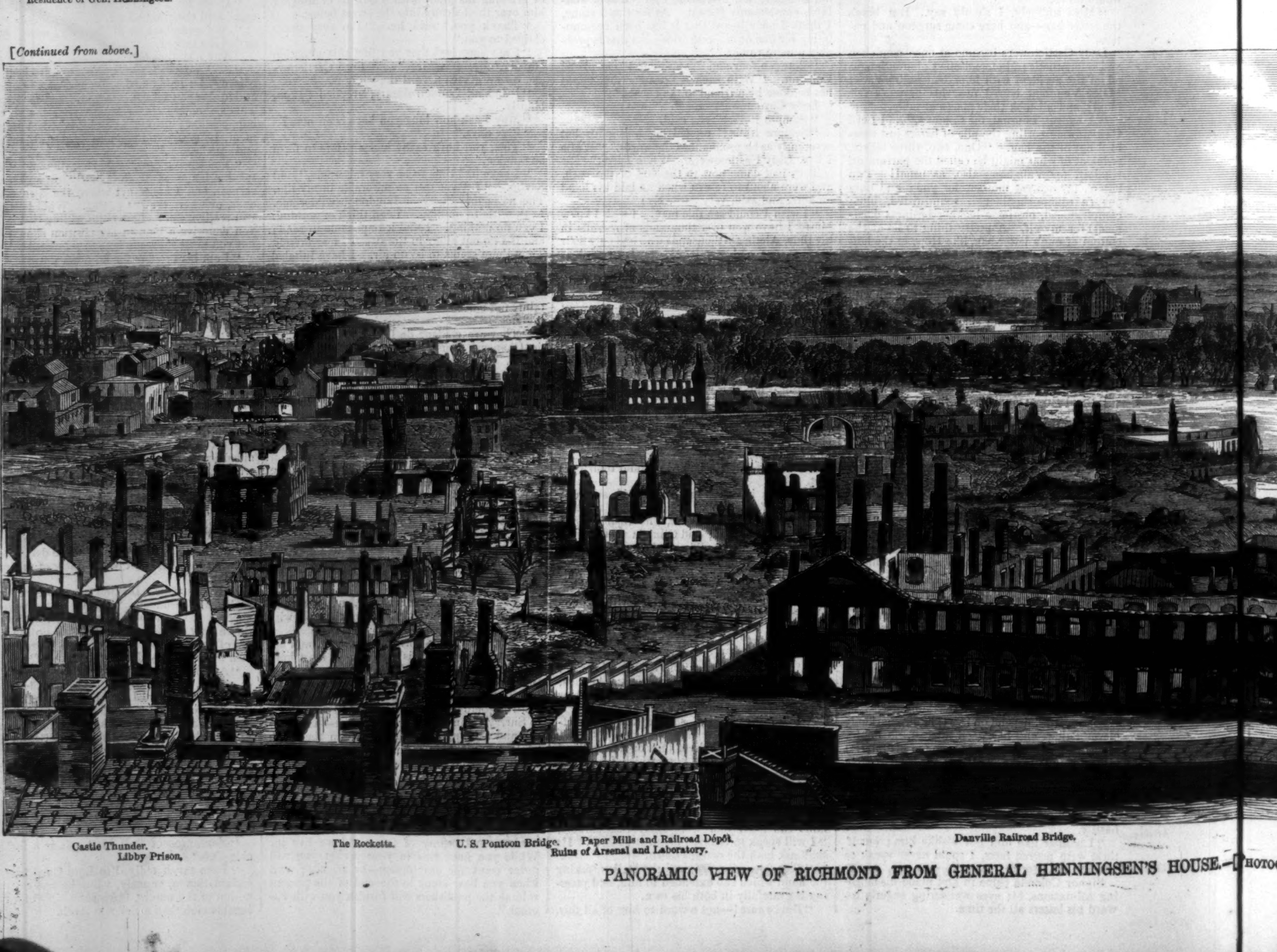
"Nonsense—of Pall Mall. It is a fashionable club."

"I am much obliged to Lord Castletowers," replied Saxon, vaguely. But he had no more notion of the nature, objects, or aims of a fashionable club than a Bedouin Arab.



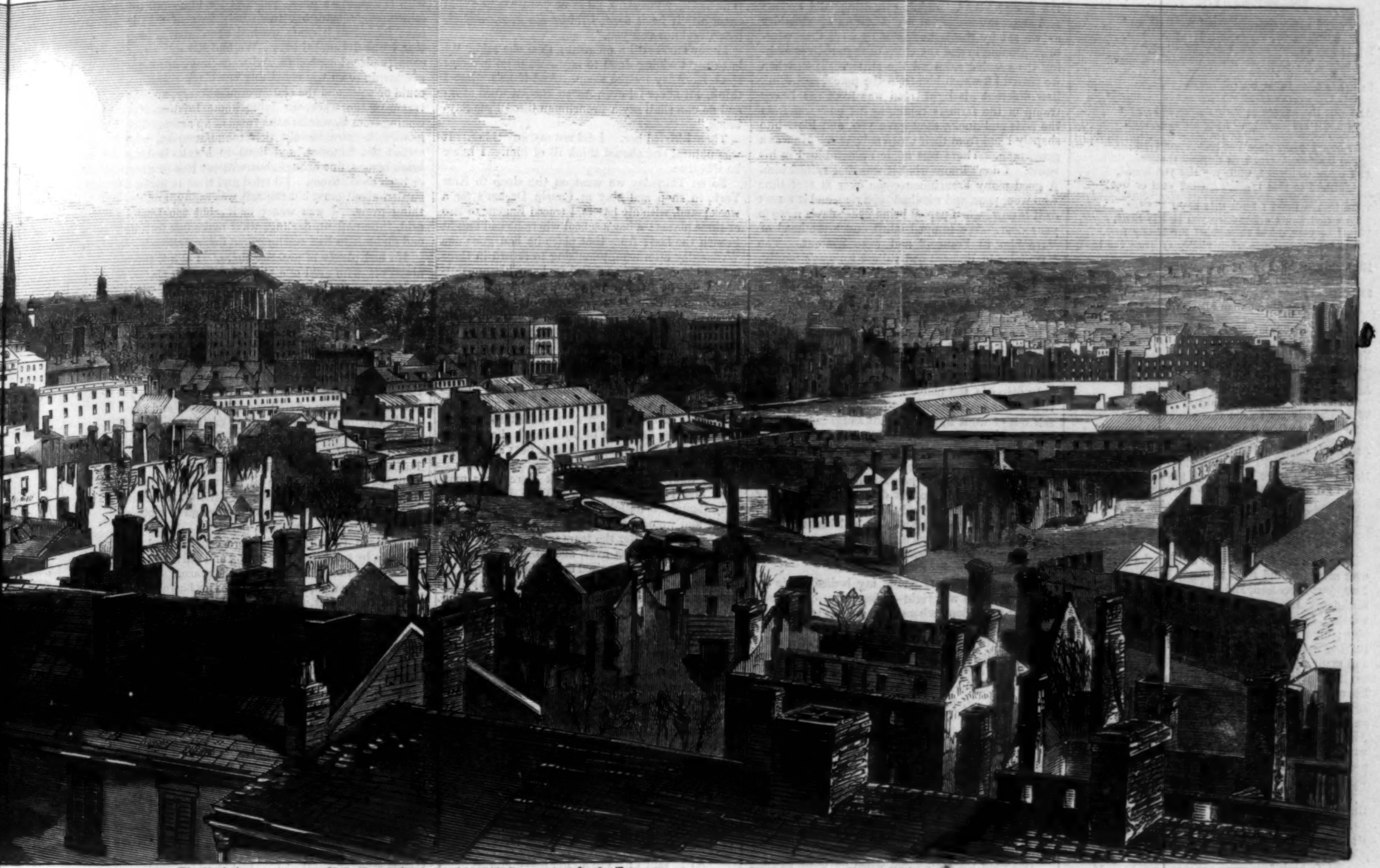
Residence of Gen. Henningsen.

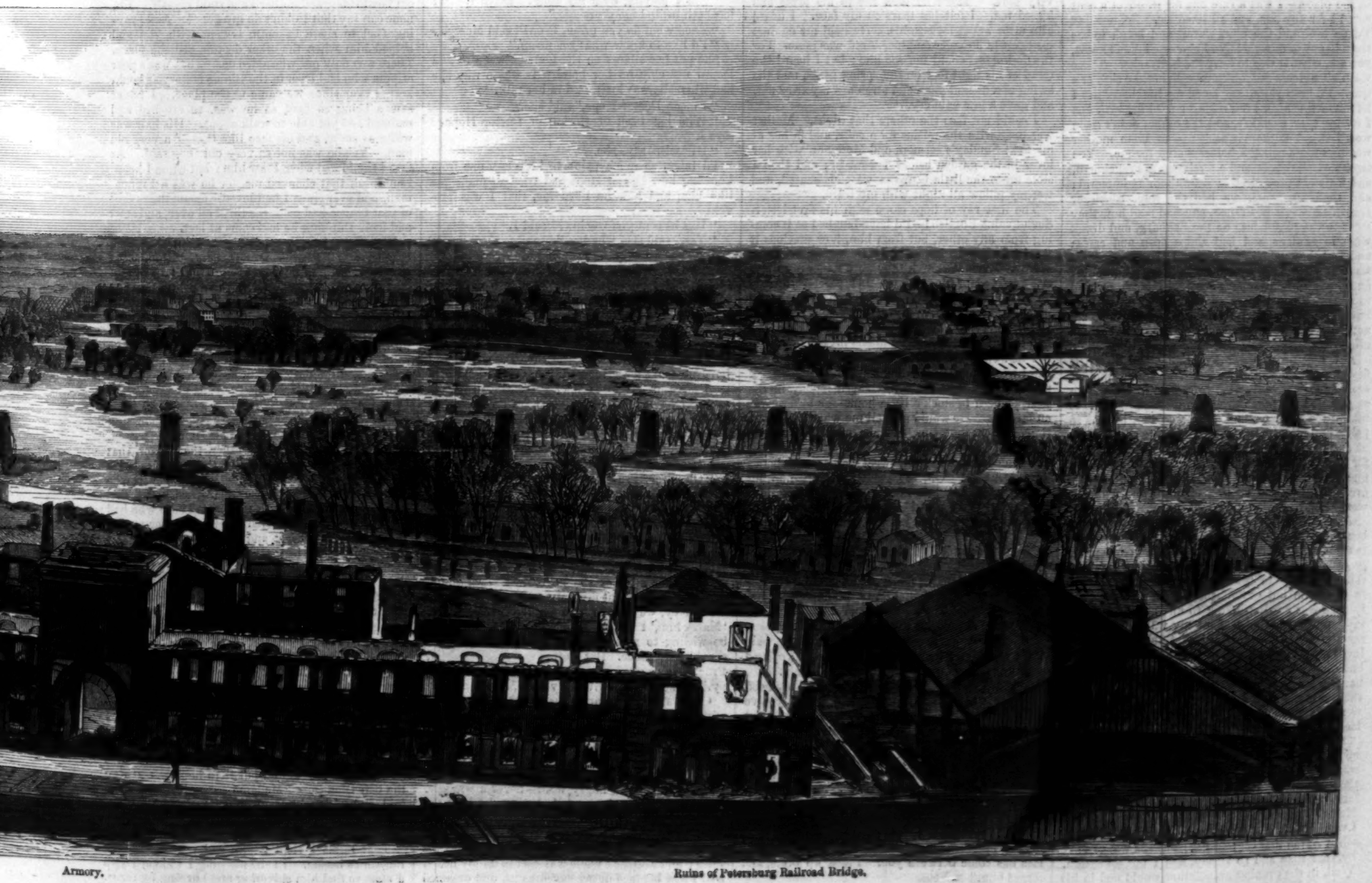
[*Continued from above.*]



Castle Thunder. Libby Prison, The Rocketts. U. S. Pontoon Bridge. Paper Mills and Railroad Dépôt. Ruins of Arsenal and Laboratory. Danville Railroad Bridge.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF RICHMOND FROM GENERAL HENNINGSEN'S HOUSE.—[PHOTOG


The Capitol.
Spottswood House.
U. S. Custom-house, used by C. S. Government for the Treasury.
James River Canal.
Ruins of Tobacco Warehouses.
Haxall's Flour Mills.


Armory.
Ruins of Petersburg Railroad Bridge.

OTOGRAPHED BY ALEX. GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON.]

IN WEAL OR WOE.

How could you write such cruel words to me?
Oh, friend of all, the most beloved and best,
I hold you to your vows, I am not "free,"
Not thus my heart dethrones its honored guest!

So here's your letter blotted with my tears,
It is not worthy of your ready pen—
And this the answer to your doubts and fears:
You still are sov'reign 'mong all other men.

Four weary years since last beside our tryst
You stood with armor on to meet the foe,
And softly whispered, while my lips you kissed,
"Faithful to thee through coming weal or woe!"

With broken heart I knelt that night to pray
That God would safely keep you in His hand,
Would be your shield throughout the bloody fray,
And bring you home when vict'ry crowned the land.

He hath been kind, my hero brave and true;
And though you come not as you left my side
Stalwart and strong, but "crippled," "scarred," I do
Still hold you dearer than all else beside.

For oh, my friend, my well-beloved and best,
There's naught but death can ever part us two;
You did but write those words in idle jest
That you might read my loyal heart anew.

And now I wait for you beside our tryst
To speak the words you spake so long ago,
When tenderly my tearful face you kissed,
"Faithful to thee through coming weal or woe!"

And I this night will lowly bend to pray,
"I thank Thee, Father, that Thy watchful hand
Hath kept my loved one through the dreadful fray,
And given him back now vict'ry's crowned the land."

PRUE SAYBROOK'S STORY.

I HAD on my pink painted muslin the first day I ever saw him, and roses to match it in my hair, for I was just seventeen, and had a tea company for my birthday. He came to it along with Sue Butterworth. I always liked pink best, and sister Mercy blue; blue was the genteelest, but I cared most for looking well. And her tucker hid her shape more, and many a sound scolding I got for wearing mine too low. Well, well, she was thinner than I, and knew it. Seventeen. Dear, dear! to think on't, and that was I, with cheeks like roses and hair like gold i' the sun, and a waist half a yard would span. And this is I, too, eighty-five—with white hair and wrinkles (there's a wave i' the hair yet, though), and fat and deaf and half blind. And the same woman, with the same soul after all!

Eh, talk of wonders, you'll find no greater than that!

Mercy was the cleverest, and had good sense and steady ways, but I had most beauty. Mother was a Sharpe, and I took my looks from her; and the Saybrooks, father's folk, were plain but bright. Mercy was father's own child all over. Not a bit of a flirt, and engaged before she was sixteen to Aaron Dill, and only waiting until he could stock his farm to marry. But, dear me, *I'd* flirted with every lad in the place. I was a rare one for it. Not a cent cared I for any one, and all liked *me*. So, one day I'd be cool and the next warm, and laugh to see them happy or miserable, as I chose. I didn't know, you see, what it was to have the heartache. There wasn't heaviness enough in mine to breed a sigh or a tear. I'd been petted and loved my life through. I left off flirting after I knew Eugene. Flirt with *him* I couldn't, or wouldn't, and the others didn't seem worth it. Yet there wasn't one of them mother wouldn't have called a better match for me. You see he was but poor and a foreigner, a Frenchman, and we were prejudiced against them as immoral; and then, at home, we had the Rev. Ebenezer Brown's Travels in France, and had read how they went to the play-house on the Sabbath, and drank wine in gardens, and had shops open and cafés; and that they were in every way to be shunned and feared, being for the most part Roman Catholics; and though my grandfather would have been kind to a heathen and merciful to a Thug, he couldn't have shaken hands with another Christian who did not believe as he did, and said "a Romanist" as you might say "a tiger."

But Eugene was not a Catholic, and after the first horror at the idea of a Frenchman mother found no great fault with him. So in time, from stopping at the porch to speak and bow, he came to taking tea with us, and quite won her, he was so polite and attentive. Then he went to church with us and listened to the sermon, and father liked him for that; and at last old grandfather called him a fine lad, and Mercy left off sitting bolt upright at a great distance and putting on prim airs while he was present.

As for me—there, there, there, I thought my heart had done beating fast, and that I was too old to feel warm and cold by turns; but a woman never grows old, she only *looks* so. Eh, but I felt as though I were in the parsonage again, and none in the room but grandfather, and he asleep; and Eugene was stealing closer to me, and in the twilight putting his arm about my waist and telling me the sweet, sweet story that the one I loved loved me! And I couldn't look at him nor speak, but somehow my head was on his breast and my hand in his; and he kissed my fingers, and fondled them as mothers do those of their babies. And they were white and pink-tipped then, not wrinkled and laced with knotted blue veins.

Heigh-ho! what a sweet time it was. We told no one, and no one guessed it. Not father, that was natural; men are to be told of such things, though courting goes on under their very eyes, unless it comes to kissing. Not my mother; not even Mercy. She was thinking of her own true love, and I was but a child, she thought. Older than she was when Aaron first courted her; but she was twenty by that time and so steady, and I but seventeen. Well, in the evening grandfather would nod in his chair, and mother be away in the keeping-room with black Hannah, busy about preserves or the ironing of father's shirt-ruffles, or what not, and father writing his sermon for next Sabbath in his study, and Mercy and Aaron hand in hand out in the garden—and who watched Eugene and me but the moon? And I didn't care if she did see his arm about my waist and my cheek on his shoulder as we sat by the lattice window with the sweet-brier peeping in and the chirp of the crickets making the evening seem all the stiller. Then when we parted I'd watch him from the porch, and think how different his light tread was from the heavy tramp of the farmers round, as his bow was from the nods and ducks they gave you, and his white shapely hand from their broad red paws. He was a gentleman. There was noble French blood in his veins. I don't know what it was that ruined him. A good many Frenchmen came over at that time who were poor, and who had been rich, and it wasn't as it is now, when papers bring every day's news to your door. We lumped it all under the head of "troubles in France," and were content. The "troubles in France" had ruined Eugene's family, and his mother had come over with her boy, and he had given lessons in French and music, and so supported her until she died. I've seen her grave in the church-yard, and have seen him weep over it like a child; for he had a tender heart, my poor Eugene, and loved her dearly. Since her death he had gone on teaching. Squire Myrtle's boys learned the violin of him. And Miss Casey, who had the only piano in the place, was his pupil, and one or two others took lessons in French. He kept himself out of want and debt; but as for marrying, I knew and he knew that could not be. I did not care. It was such a happy life as it was. But he did. So he told me one day that though it broke his heart to think of it he must leave me to win a fortune. He could not sit down a poor beggarly music-teacher, earning only a few shillings a week, he said, while the girl he loved and himself grew old together. And men had chances in great cities. And he must have at least a little cage for his bird, a little garden for his rose.

Oh, how my heart smote my bodice while he spoke! But he was right—I knew it. There was nothing to be done where we were but to go on in the beaten track; and youth is sanguine. Ah me! I felt so sure 'twould all be happy; and I knew he grieved to part as much as I. And I would not be selfish; so, choking with the words, I said:

"Go, Eugene, and I will watch and pray for you. But, oh, if the time is long, what shall I do?"

And he said, "It shall be short. I am strong, I am young; and whatever I do I shall think it is for thy sake, *chere ami*."

Ah, well! ah, well! the glad time went, and the sad time came. We parted. We had told no one of our engagement. I vowed to be constant, and to wait. When he could claim me, having the power to care for me as his wife, we would confess our love—until then it was our sweet secret.

But they were all sorry when he went away—even Mercy. He kissed her hand and mamma's. *I* went with him to the end of the long garden. It was evening, and there was no moon. Under the shade of the oaks and among the rose bushes it was very dark. There he took me in his arms and kissed me. I felt hot tears on my face. I heard him utter sweet love-words. He held me against his heart in a tender embrace—and was gone. For the darkness I could not see him; but I heard the tread of his light foot on the spring grass, and the swing of a distant gate, and stretched my arms out, and gave a low wild cry.

I could not face the others that night. Mother was busy with the raisins for a cake, and father at his next Sunday's sermon, and Mercy off with her lover in the garden before I went in; and then I stole up to the little bedroom we girls shared, and wet my pillow all night with my tears.

The first ray of hope came with his first letter. Such quaint English! I'd have laughed at it coming from any other, but from him, how precious it was! I kept the letters in my bosom, hidden from Mercy. Even at church they were under my tucker. I prayed for him always; and, perhaps, I made an idol of him. They say it's wrong to love too much, but most folk don't love half enough in this world, to my thinking. And, it seems to me, if I had thought less of him I'd blame myself more.

I had twelve letters—just twelve. In the last one he told me that he would soon be ready to ask me of my parents. He had saved money in the year, enough to stock a little home—and there was an opening. He would not tell me what until next time, and if that succeeded he would be on the high-road to comfort.

Then came such sweet, sweet words—such hopes for the future! Oh, the golden letter!—nothing but joy in it. And, in the long, long waiting, loving time, I had learned to wish to be his wife, that whatever might betide I might be with Eugene always.

There they ended. I never had another. I waited and watched. I went to the little post-office until people wondered at me. And a month passed—and two—and three—and on to the half year, and never a word. Then I fell ill of a raging brain-fever, and, raving, let my secret out to Mercy.

When I came to myself and crept about, pale and weak, Mercy took me by the hand. She opened a drawer and showed me all Eugene's letters.

"Prue," said she, "I don't know where my head or heart were not to guess before. And you've loved him, and he's cheated you, poor child! Not to know a Frenchman better! I hate the villain."

"He's no villain," said I. "Oh, Mercy, I am sure of it! He loved me better than his life. He's true and constant, if he lives. Something has happened to him, or he'd have written. Mercy, I know he's dead—dead! Oh, my darling—dead!"

"Hush, you'll be ill again," said Mercy. "I am older than you—listen to me: a fair face and an evil heart go together often in this world. Some other lass has come between you. Pluck up pride, and forget him."

"Oh, you have a lover! think how you would feel in my place," said I.

"I do," said Mercy. "I'd take him out of my heart and fling him away."

"Mercy," said I, "we're sisters—be good to me—come to New York, and let us look for Eugene. If he has been forgetful, I'll show you I can be proud enough. If he is dead, I'll kiss his grave and go home, and not vex you."

Mercy stood still a moment; then she said: "I have my wedding-dress to buy—we'll go together next Thursday by the sloop. And if he's what I think, I'll never let even Aaron know a word of it; and no one shall say a Frenchman jilted Prue Saybrook."

Then I kissed her. I did not say any thing. It was natural she should think ill of him. I knew he was true.

So on Thursday we went on the sloop to New York, to shop and stay at Cousin Decker's for a week; and, with my letters, I traced Eugene to two or three places: a boy's school where he had taught French the last; from that place he had gone one Wednesday afternoon, promising to return in three or four hours, but had failed to keep his appointment. For six months there had been no word from him, and another teacher had his place. Mercy was very clever. She did all that could be done. We went even to the grave-yards and read the stones, but there was no sign of him alive or dead. At last Mercy said: "Prue, I'm afraid I was right. Come home, and burn those letters." And, said I, "I'll come home, dear, and thank you for your patient kindness all this while; but Eugene has not been false to me, and I'll keep the letters and his hair until you lay them in my coffin." For I had a lock of his hair, soft and black as floss silk, that I wore day and night.

We went home. Next week Mercy was married, and I was bridemaid. When I wept they only thought it natural, for we were to part for the first; and women always cry at weddings, and no one knew how bitter the tears were.

And when it was over, and Mercy mistress in her own home, they praised me for being so steady; for I did not care to dance now, and staid at home helping at the baking and spinning and knitting. At first I kept hoping for a letter or for news. By-and-by I left that off. Mercy's children began to come into the world, and I was Aunt Prue; pretty still, they said, but pale; for the fever had blanched my cheeks for life, and I put my hair in bands, and mother found no fault with tuckers—they were high enough now.

So, one morning, I woke up to find myself eight-and-twenty, and that day Mercy brought her girls and boys home, and we had a feast. It was ten years from our journey to New York, and she and I went up to the little room we had shared, and sat down to talk, though there were things I didn't care to talk of—and one was a wooer I had—a Doctor Hope; but I trusted she did not know of him.

"Prudence," said she, "you're eight-and-twenty."

"Ay!" said I; "I'm an old maid, Mercy."

"You needn't be," said she.

"No?" said I. "You think not?"

"*You* know it," said she. "Are you at your flirting pranks again?"

"Am I playing with my dolls?" asked I. "I left both behind me years ago."

"Then what do you mean, Prue?" said Mercy.

"I'd like to know what *you* mean."

She put her elbows on the table between us and leaned her chin on her hand. It was a way she had when she was interested in her talk.

"I mean Doctor Hope," said she.

"Who has been chattering of Doctor Hope?" says I.

"Himself," says she.

I'd taken so much pains to keep any one from knowing how Doctor Hope had tried to make me like him, and how he liked me, that I was provoked.

"Has he sent you wooing?" said I.

"Yes," said she, "he has."

I flushed all over. "You might have told him, Mercy, that my heart was given away long ago," said I, "and that I've never won it back. Oh, Mercy, don't think I've forgotten because I'm mute!"

Mercy started up and came to me, and put both hands on my shoulders.

"Prudence Saybrook," said she, "can it be you have no more pride than to keep on thinking of a man after he has jilted you? Are you so wicked as to break a good man's heart for love of a bad one? Oh, you're doing wrong! I blush for you."

Said I, "It isn't likely Doctor Hope's heart is so brittle, and a single woman is as good as a married one."

"Oh, Prue, Prue!" said Mercy. "Haven't you a heart? He loves you so dearly. He told me so last night; and you might do him good, and care for his motherless children and keep his house; and you refuse for love of one who calls some other woman wife, no doubt."

At that I fell a crying, and then she comforted me; but for all that she never lost her ground. She kept at me about my duty. So, at last, I said:

"Mercy, we'll leave it to mother. If she says, 'Marry him,' I will." I thought mother would not be willing to part with me, you see, and then I should have peace. But mother said, "Marry him, Prue. He's a good man; and spinsters are not happy." And so I had given my word, and kept it.

Old grandfather married us in the stone church, with its narrow windows and the tablets let in behind the pulpit; and I went home to Dr. Hope's house his wife. I was very calm. I had not thought to be so; and he was loving and tender. A good, good man he was, and the life we led was peaceful: never an angry word—never a wrangle. I had promised to honor and obey, and I kept the vow; and he to cherish and protect, and I *was* cherished if ever wife was. And yet his dead wife's portrait was on the wall, and her children at his knee; and Eugene's name was carved on my heart, and I saw his face in my day-dreams, and dreamed of him at night, though I had put the lock of hair and the old letters all away, for I knew a wife's duty.

But there came a joy to me at last, and a babe lay on my breast: and then I looked up into its father's eyes and knew that something had been born with the child—a pure, true love for him—not the blushing girl-love, but the wifely love of middle age; for before it came we had been wed so long that I was five-and-thirty. We had left our sweet country place long before, and were living at a manufacturing town where nothing but black chimneys could be seen, and the clatter of machinery, and the tramp of the workmen going home to dinner or coming from it, was like the tread of an army. The gentlefolk were mostly rich manufacturers, who owned the factories, and lived in blank-looking brick houses, fine enough, but without tree or grass or bush about them. I'd tried and tried to make a garden about ours, but the soil was sandy, and nothing grew. I was weary of it; but the Doctor said, "Be patient, darling, we'll make our fortune and go back to live among green fields yet."

He had plenty of practice there. I think there always is more need of a physician in such places.

We were well thought of too. His first wife's girls grew up tall and handsome, and it would have been wrong of me not to let them have a chance to marry if they liked. We saw a good deal of company; and in those days you didn't have your guests shown into a cold parlor, and in half an hour go down and glower at them across the room, and let them go without bite or sup. If 'twas but a minute they staid you offered wine and cake, and generally company came for a day, or if it was for a dance in the evening, you were sure some would stay all night. I was busy and happy; for my husband never altered, and said his lass was fairer than the youngest of them all, and my boy was good and handsome. Only I pined a little for the country home, and to be nearer to Mercy and to mother, who was growing very old.

Well, in time the girls were courted, and, odd enough, by two brothers, Lennox and Calvin Blume, the sons of the richest factor in the place. Steady, church-going men, with sharp eyes for business, and not ill to look at, though they had hard German features. As matches go they were love-matches, and why should we say "no."

They were married. Each had her brick house full of fine furniture, and silks to wear, and settled down as manufacturers' wives. And then I began to coax the Doctor to go home again. If he'd listened to me there'd have been a different end to the story, but he said, "Wait two years, then I'll go." So I waited.

Oh, the sickly time! First one thing and then another broke out among the factory hands. Funerals made the road to the church-yard black on Sabbath afternoons.

The diseases crept into the fine brick houses; and now a child, and now a mother, and now some strong man laid low. I trembled for the Doctor, but he had no fear for himself. At last there came a horrible story of small-pox. And then it wasn't as it is now, when every child is vaccinated. There was no stop to it, and it passed over faces as the plow passes over the ground.

My husband wanted me to leave him, but I sent our boy to his grandmother's and staid myself. Eh, none can say that I didn't do my duty! And praying God to spare us both, I went with him and helped him when the other doctors fled the place. There was only one who aided us. That was a poor cripple who had been in the Blume factory as book-keeper ever since we came to the place. I never saw a being so bent as he was, so crushed and maimed and yet able to walk about. His hair was white as snow, and his face like that of a very old man. Yet he was not so very old they said. At first I shuddered when I saw him; but when I heard him speak that changed me, for he was a Frenchman, and ever since I had loved Eugene the accent of that tongue had made me thrill all over, and start and look, thinking he had come at last.

There could be no such fancy about that poor cripple, and his voice was weak and thin. Yet when I heard him talk out of my sight I have fancied it was like Eugene's with the music gone. So I was kind to the poor man. The factory people loved him. They called him Monsieur. I believe not one knew his name. I called him Monsieur also. Many a night we've sat together in some cabin with loathsome, dying creatures about us. Once, when the very sexton fled with fear, and the clergyman was dying himself in his parsonage, we buried a mother's babe for her, and he carved a name on a wooden cross to mark the place. Through scenes like those of the old plague times we passed, comforting and aiding each other, the Doctor, that poor deformed, and I. Half the factories were closed. Half the rich people gone. Those who staid lived in upper rooms of their great houses and held communication with no one. Those who had been smitten and recovered among the poor nursed the new victims at last, and we had some rest. By-and-by, when the bitter winter was over and spring came, the pestilence passed. By May the last who died was buried, and others at their work again. Our duty was done. It was a glad thing to know that they prayed for us in the church, that they thought so well of us, those poor factory hands. Yet we had only remembered they were our brothers.

Eh, but the time comes back again! The Doctor and I, arm in arm, and the poor cripple leaning on his staff at the church gate, and women and children crowding about to say God bless you, and I weeping like a babe. It was just where the willow bent from the church-yard over the path, and under it we parted. I said, "Au revoir, Monsieur!" But he caught my hand and put it to his lips. "May the bon Dieu guard Madame from all sorrow!" he said, and I felt with the kiss a tear fall on my fingers. Eh, but we're blind creatures here when the Lord chooses to darken our eyes!

That night I slept happy and peaceful on my husband's bosom. In the morning I wakened with a start to find him shivering and burning by turns. I knew what it was—the small-pox had come to him. Soon he did not know me. It's weary work listening to such a tale. No need to tell you more of it than that he died.

I tried to think of Heaven's justice, but I couldn't then. All seemed wrong, as if— No matter; I've repented long ago for thoughts I thought then, and maybe God has forgiven me. One bright June day I saw them pile the sod over his bosom—the broad, gentle bosom that had cherished me so long. Ah me! it was a woeful day, with all its bright sun and green fields—a blacker day than ever came in winter.

I went home to my lonely house in my widow's weeds, and all that night sat moaning and rocking myself to and fro at a window, where I could see the grave-yard, with its white stones, like ghosts in the moonlight. At dawn came a rap at the door, and in walked my step-daughter's husband, Lennox Blume.

"Mother," said he—he always called me that—"it's no time to trouble you, I know; but I've been sent by a dying man. Will you come to the factory—the carriage is at the door?"

"Is it small-pox?" said I.

"No," said he, "or I'd not have come for you. A hasty consumption, they say. It's poor old Monsieur. He has never lifted his head since you saw him the last Sabbath in the church porch. The toil was too much for him. You were heroes all three, and two are martyrs."

I put on my bonnet and black veil, and went down stairs. The factory was not far. In a little room behind the office the old Frenchman had lived for years. He lay there now, dying. A factory woman came out as we entered.

"Hist!" she said. "Wait here a bit. He's asleep. When he wakes he'll have his mind for the last; 'twon't be for long. I'll call ye."

So we sat down in the office.

"He's very old," said I, to say something.

"No," said Lennox, "not sixty."

"He looks eighty."

"Yes."

"But such a life is best ended," said I.

"A sad life," said Lennox. "Have you heard his story, mother?"

"No."

"We have reason to be fond of him and kind to him," said Lennox. "You should have heard my mother talk of him. He saved her life. It was years ago, and she was a pretty young woman, and father had just built this factory. There had been trouble in finding hands, and many of them were French. Father could not talk to them, and he went to New York to find some one who could. He found a Frenchman, young and handsome, and anxious for a situation which would enable him to marry; for he was betrothed to some girl in the country, and was waiting, as many a one has waited, for full pockets. Are you ill, mother?"

"No," said I, "go on." But the story brought my girl life back so strangely.

"Father brought him down," said Lennox; "and he was pleased and anxious to please. It was necessary that he should be on the spot at once. And they made a bed for him in the little office where he now lies dying. That evening he spent writing to his betrothed, and in the morning chose the spot where he would build his home. The hands came on that day, and the first clang of machinery was heard. Mother was excited by it. 'I must see them,' she said; and leaving every thing at home went up into the factory. She did not even wait for a bonnet, but threw a silk shawl over her head. She never thought of danger; and while father's back was turned went close to the machinery. And somehow the silk shawl she wore was caught and she dragged backward. It would have been to her death but for the young Frenchman. In a moment he had clutched her and torn the shawl in two by main strength; but doing that he tangled it about his own arm and so took her place.

"It was only one whirl—just an instant before the machinery stopped. But he went in a handsome, strong young man, and came out a mass of broken bones and crushed flesh.

"Yet he lived, and you have seen him.

"The first thing he said to father when he knew the truth was this:

"'I was to have been married soon. That can never be now; you see what I am. Perhaps I shall die soon, perhaps I shall live a long while. When I am gone send this letter to her. It will tell her all. Until then hide even my name lest she should learn the truth; she will think me dead or false and be happy with another.'

"Then he put the letter into a secret drawer of his desk; and father promised. If the girl lives she is an old woman now."

"An old, old woman," said I. "An old woman; what was her name?"

I think I was groping wildly in the air like one stricken blind, for I remember Lennox catching me in his arms with a frightened cry for help. Then all was dark; and I came out of it to hear the woman say,

"Monsieur is awake."

I went in to him.

Death was there. Gray and cold lay the face beneath its touch; but the poor deformed body was hidden by the coverlet, and I saw Eugene once more. The bloom was not upon the cheek—the brow was wrinkled; but they were the cheek and brow my girl's lips had kissed.

A merciful God had blinded me when to know the truth would have been madness.

"Leave us alone," I said. I heard the woman say, "She wants to pray with him."

Perhaps Lennox thought so too.

When the door was shut I knelt down by him.

The thirty years vanished then—the thirty years of wedded life. I was Prue Saybrook once more.

"Eugene," I said, "Eugene;" and the poor arms crept around my neck, and I heard him say, "Prue, my darling, at last!"

And I looked in his eyes and saw them glazing, and felt his hand grow heavier and colder on my neck, and my lips met his—and he was dead!

That night I took the old letter from the secret drawer, and read it. It ran thus:

> "CHERE AMIE,—I told you that I would soon write to you. I have good news—listen. I am rich—a fine salary—a home to bring my love to. It is at ——, with Mr. Blume, a manufacturer. My heart beats—my hand trembles. They will give you to me, and I shall be happy as the angels who dwell with the bon Dieu. To repose in thy arms—to hear thy sweet voice again—ah, it will be heaven! Next Sunday I will come to you. It is too much bliss—
>
> "Adieu until then.
>
> "EUGENE ——
>
> "Your devoted and constant."

Further down were other lines, in French:

> "Never, never, never—all dark, all hopeless—a wretched crawling cripple—a creature for a woman to loathe. She would pity me, but she could not love. Oh, sweet angel! thou wouldst endeavor to be the same, but I should see thee shrink in horror. Better death than that.
>
> "Yet only to see her once more! One word—one look—one smile. Can it never be? And yet must I live on? Oh, it is better for her to think me dead—better for me! Send me patience, sweet Heaven, and let me die soon."

And lower still there was a later date under that I read—still in French, which he had taught me years before:

> "I have seen her—with her husband. I have touched her hand, spoken to her, and she does not know me. This is hard to bear. Almost I had said, 'Look at me; this is thy miserable Eugene.' God kept me from it; but she will know when I am dead."

I put the letter in my bosom, and sat down beside my dead and wept. Was it Prue Hope weeping for her buried husband, or Prue Saybrook for her dead lover? I could not tell. But now when I think of Heaven, despite my thirty years of wedded life, I always see my husband with his first wife, and myself with poor Eugene.

A COMBAT IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

ALONG the shores of distant Greenland, and among the yawning ice-caverns that resound with the roar of the Arctic tides, the white bear roams in kingly majesty, gazing with quiet curiosity upon any vessel that passes its retreat, and fighting desperately when attacked by venturesome mariners.

The cool impudence of this animal is sometimes evinced in a remarkable manner. I have seen it enter a hut occupied by a group of unarmed seamen, and, after deliberately surveying them for a few moments, snatch from the hand of one a seal which had been lately captured, and walk off with its prize in the most unconcerned manner that can be imagined.

On another occasion, while a boat's crew belonging to the ship *St. George* were passing an ice-field, a white bear of huge dimensions suddenly made its appearance and sprang into the little craft, capsizing it at once and severely injuring the man amidships, who was with much difficulty rescued by his companions, after they had saved themselves by crawling out of the water upon a berg. Bruin, in the mean time, had scrambled upon one of the drifting masses, where he remained in an attitude of dignified composure, watching the men as they exerted themselves to secure their shattered boat, until the current had carried him into a fog-bank that hid the group from his sight. The crew were picked up a few hours afterward by their own ship, but many weeks elapsed before the injured seaman recovered the use of his limbs.

The food of the white bear is chiefly derived from fish, seals, and dead whales; but, as may well be supposed, it can not always obtain enough to satisfy its voracious appetite; in fact, it is sometimes in a famishing condition, and when such is the case it is really a formidable animal. It will not then hesitate to attack a dozen armed men, and is ready to engage in battle with the largest whale that careens through the northern seas.

At daylight on the morning of the 25th of August, 1854, while the ship *Norman*, a surveying craft, was lying becalmed near the western edge of one of those extensive floes that are so frequently encountered in the Arctic Ocean, the watch on deck were suddenly startled by a savage growl, which seemed to proceed from no great distance off the weather bow. Almost at the same instant we heard the loud rippling of water, followed by a noise like the rushing of steam from a pipe; and springing to the rail, we beheld a scene that was well calculated to excite our interest and curiosity.

A large white bear, that could not have measured less than twelve feet in length, but which was very gaunt and lean, had made its way to the edge of a block of ice, about ten fathoms from the bark, where it stood glaring with a hungry expression of ferocity upon a huge bull whale, that was leisurely rolling along toward the same berg, evidently unconscious of the presence of the beast. I say "unconscious," because the bear was directly ahead of the monster, and the leviathan, owing to the position of its eyes, can not see any object before it in a straight line.

It continued, therefore, to approach its enemy until it was about a fathom from the spot occupied by the animal, when it turned a little to one side—probably with the intention of changing its course—and for the first time saw the bear. At the same moment the latter, with a deep growl, threw itself toward the whale, but only to receive from the great, barnacled head of the monster a tremendous blow, that sent the pugnacious beast snarling with rage and pain against the jagged edge of the ice.

Perceiving that the formidable "battering-ram" which had already given him sufficient notice of its strength and power was still moving toward him, probably with the intention of squeezing him to death against the frozen drift, Bruin now dashed to one side and, quickly attacking his antagonist upon the flank, fastened his claws and teeth in the rough hump of the gigantic swimmer. But the old king of the sea seemed not at all inclined to submit to this treatment, and he surged heavily from side to side, fiercely lashing the water with his flukes, and using other endeavors to dislodge his adversary.

But the bear still clung to him with a tenacious grasp until the enraged bull, evidently losing all patience, tried the effect of a cold-water bath upon his enemy. Down went his great head and up went his flukes, as he dove into the liquid chambers of the sea; and a moment afterward Bruin rose to the surface puffing, snarling, and growling with disappointed rage.

By this time the shrouds, the fore-top, the cat-head, the spritsail-yard, and even the jib-boom of the *Norman* were alive with grinning spectators—old tars and youngsters with broad-rimmed hats and wide collars—while the gun-room officers and the midshipmen crowded the taffrail and the gang-way. All hands were now of the opinion, however, that the combat was finished—that the bear had had enough of the fight and would scramble upon the ice, while its adversary would not again rise to renew the combat.

In fact Bruin was now swimming toward the berg, as though anxious to get out of the water as soon as possible; and some of the men had already begun to descend the shrouds, when suddenly the surface of the sea in the vicinity of the bear was agitated by a number of little ripples; then followed a roaring noise; and the next moment the poor animal was tossed about fifteen feet into the air, as the great head of its mighty antagonist uprising from the deep, struck the under portion of its body.

"Ay, ay, now, but that's too bad," cried an old sheet-anchor man.

"I think it serves him right," said the ship's corporal; "he's a land-lubber, do you see, and therefore had no business to interfere with that old humpbacked tar that's in his own element."

As the bear came down after having been thus unmercifully tossed, the whale received it upon its (the whale's) flukes and sent it flying upward again; and although by this time it must have been considerably injured, yet when it struck the water it made another flank attack upon the monster; and this time drawing itself upon the back of its adversary, planted its claws and its teeth in the blubber, to which it clung tenaciously.

Plunging from side to side, the bull, as before, now exerted itself to dislodge the beast, but without success; and the captain of the *Norman* was remarking to his first lieutenant that he believed the whale would be obliged to try the effect of another cold-water bath, when the "old king" suddenly rushed backward, paused a moment, and then breached nearly his full length out of the water.

And it was truly a grand, an awful spectacle—the huge, dark body of that mighty leviathan, towering high in air, where it remained poised for an instant, exposed to the view of every man, and then fell back into the water with a crash equal to the din of a broadside!

A great cloud of spray enveloped the whale as it struck the sea—some of it even flying upon the forecastle—and the vessel trembled with the shock caused by the falling of that tremendous living mass, as it might have done had we simultaneously discharged every gun in the craft.

Then, amidst the hissing foam of agitated waves, we saw the bear, which had been thrown from its tenacious grasp, but which was still undismayed, and ready to renew the attack. It was now making a sort of flank movement toward the whale's head, and it would soon doubtless have obtained another hold had not the leviathan, mustering all its tremendous strength, again breached, although not quite so high as it did before. High enough it was, however, to annihilate in its descent any living creature beneath it; and so it happened that the bear, before it could avoid the impending blow, received upon its unsheltered form the full weight of this living mountain when it came down, thundering into the sea!

Having thus accomplished its work, the whale dove into its watery home, leaving behind it upon the surface the mutilated remains of its late antagonist, the white bear; and during the remainder of the day this singular battle afforded all hands—not even excepting the officers—an interesting topic of conversation.

The majority of the seamen expressed the opinion that Bruin had received his deserts for meddling with an "old sailor," as they termed the whale; while the marines, one and all, declared they were sorry that the gallant king of Arctic shores had been defeated by "that rough-looking old bull" from the realms of Neptune.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCIENCE.—A Lecture on the Great Distance of the Sun from the Earth will shortly be given by a Member of the *Sol fa* Association.

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its power. A hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady, who used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors?"

An idle fellow complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behindhand. He believed it would have been a hundred pounds in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

Passing through the streets of Detroit a few days since in company with a waggish, observing fellow, he offered to wager oysters that more than one half of the grown-up women to be met by traveling a given distance on the most frequented thoroughfare in the city would be munching gum or some other substance. We supposed the chap wild, and, although not given to betting, at once accepted the wager. After traveling in the neighborhood of a mile we were forced to own the majority largely against us, and to our chagrin were compelled to pay the oysters.

A CONUNDRUM FROM A SPINSTER.—Why should there be more marriages in winter than summer?—Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

At the ——, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified-looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chizzled* a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

A gentleman being asked "What was the price of ducks?" confessed that he could not tell; for he had been out that very day with his wife, and she had purchased no less than three ducks. First, there was "a duck" of a dress; secondly, "a duck" of a parasol; and thirdly, "a duck" of a bonnet.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dush better as dat—I drinks de prandy, and den I rubs my leg mit de pottle."

THE WOOD FAMILY.—Among the articles announced for sale in a contemporary we perceive one entitled, "A mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must have been of the Wood family.

A judge suspected of bribery chided his clerk for having a dirty face. "I plead guilty, my lord," replied the clerk, "but my hands are clean."

A French bishop said lately in a sermon: "Let women remember, while putting on profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translations: "*Vir*, a man; *gin*, a trap—*Virgin*, a man-trap."

THE "EMBERS" OF THE DYING YEAR.—Sept-ember, Nov-ember, and Dec-ember.

Most contradictory, past doubt,
The sex, through thick and thin;
For now, though crinolines go out,
The skirts are coming in!

It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are no Irish characters in Shakspeare. Does not Hamlet exclaim, "Now could I not do it *Pat*, while he is praying!" to say nothing of O'Thello, Cory O'Lanus, and the lady O'Phelia.

THE BEST LIQUID TO TAKE TO INCREASE ONE'S SIZE.—Doubling (Dublin) Porter.

FAIRS.—A State fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best-looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fare in the universe is boarding-house fare.

Why is a railway train the exact reverse of an army?—Because it generally has the van at its rear.

The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of plays and romances in the time of Charles II., asked Bishop Wilkins, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there. "As the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will be no possibility of getting there without stopping by the way." "Your Grace," replied the Bishop, "can be at no loss for places to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

In what vehicle did the man ride who was driven frantic?

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is hot bread like a caterpillar?
Because it is the grub that makes the butter fly.

My first has oft a hero borne,
While fettered captives round him mourn;
The next may be a dog or bird,
Which often sits upon my whole.

Car-pet.

What is that thing, and the name of a bird, which if we had not we should die?
A swallow.

In a railway accident, what is better than presence of mind?
Absence of body.

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?
Stop a minute.

My first I adore,
My second I renounce,
And celebrate my whole.

Christ-mas (mass).

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly?
Because he can only be par-boiled (pa boiled).

What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?
One teaches miss, and the other misteaches.

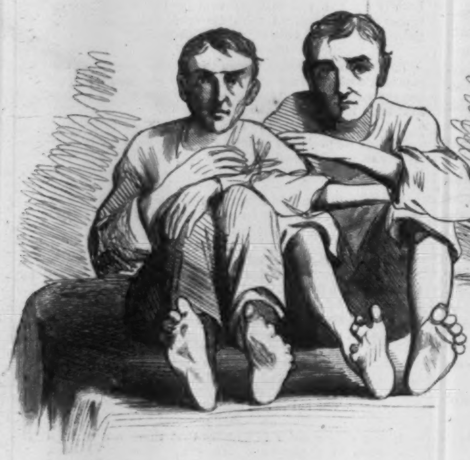
Why is a printing-press like the forbidden fruit?
Because from it springs the knowledge of good and evil.

REBEL CRUELTIES.

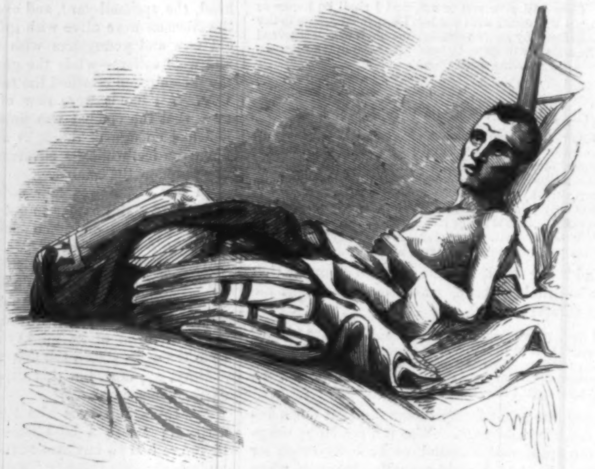
WE purpose, in the following brief record, to indicate by a few facts which we know to be truly and fairly stated, the manner in which Union prisoners have been dealt with by the rebel authorities. To some the record will be distasteful—for there are many who desire to believe no evil of DAVIS and his fellows, however indisputable the proofs. To many a tender-hearted reader it may seem too horrible for decent recital. Yet it is a true record, and in the history of the rebellion will form an important chapter, to be read with tears, indeed, but written in adamant.

The illustrations on page 380 will bring to the eye features of cruelty which could not well be described by the pen. They have been selected, not because they were more effective than a hundred others which we might give, but because we had not space to give all. We have limited our illustrations to a special class of our prisoners, namely, those who from exposure and lack of food have lost their feet. These illustrations are the exact fac-similes of photographs. They do not come to us from a distance. A large number of the victims have been for a long time within an hour's ride of this city. Of the class represented in our illustrations there were in the prisoners paroled and sent to Wilmington on the 26th of March two hundred and eighty-seven cases. These had, from starvation and frost in Southern prisons, lost their feet wholly or in-part. These cases were placed in the hands of Chaplain J. J. GEER, of the One Hundred and Eighty-third Ohio Volunteers. Chaplain GEER, from whom we received the photographs, and whose statements are perfectly reliable, has done much for the comfort of these unfortunate men. But his statements do not stand alone. Others have visited the hospital in which the prisoners were confined. One of them writes:

> "I wish every eye in the land could rest on the poor fellows in the Geer Hospital, and especially every one who believes in treating leniently this rebellion, could go as I did from bed to bed, and see the blankets lifted to expose a pair of stumps *from which the feet had rotted off by cold and exposure*. And this not in one case, nor two, nor ten, nor twenty, but scores! Men who had committed no crime, but were honorable soldiers, brave, loyal, true to their Government, but made prisoners by the fortunes of war, and as such entitled to food and comfortable shelter. As I went from bed to bed, and from ward to ward, and found, now a son of Massachusetts, next, a boy from Maine, then a soldier from Michigan, or from Indiana, or New York, differing from one another only in some new and more horrid form of gangrene of the feet and legs, which left the bone protruding sometimes six inches beyond the flesh, decaying, putrid, offensive, while they could be strengthened with food a few days and made able



SMITH AND CHURCHILL.



BENJAMIN T. DAUGHERTY (FIG. 1), CO. K, THIRTY-FIRST ILLINOIS.

to bear an amputation, I felt almost unable to endure the strain upon my sensibilities."

These unhappy prisoners have under oath given the record of their terrible experience, which, in many cases, is too loathsome for detail. You do not want to know, gentle reader, to what means these men swear they were obliged to resort to keep from absolutely starving. Only the very strong survived at all, and these come back to us pitiable wrecks of what they once were—how pitiable let our illustrations show. Nearly all whose affidavits have been taken attest that they were robbed of their clothing, receiving in its place a dirty blanket or a bundle of tattered rags. In regard to all the prisons the uniform testimony is that no shelter of any kind was provided for the prisoners; that they were thrown into stockades and exposed to all sorts of weather; and that they had not received rations adequate to sustain vitality. BYRON CHURCHILL swears that when he was captured he was by the sanction of rebel authority robbed of all his clothing except his shirt and drawers; that the prisoners for want of other shelter burrowed in the ground, and that "by reason of exposure, starvation, cruelties, and countless outrages inflicted on him by the rebels while a prisoner in their hands, a part of the time he was bereft of his reason, lost all the toes on his left foot," and has otherwise been reduced to the condition shown in the illustration.

CALVIN BATES testifies that "by reason of exposure and other inhumanities practiced upon him at Andersonville his feet decayed so that both of them have since been cut off at the ankle with scissors, and that previous to his imprisonment he was in good health.

JOHN H. MATTHEWS, a corporal in Company F of the Fourth Pennsylvania, testifies that he enlisted in this company August 29, 1861; was taken prisoner October 12, 1863, in MEADE's retreat from Culpepper; and that after various marching and counter-marching he was taken to Richmond. For three days he was without any food. He testifies that in long marches which the prisoners were compelled to make from one place of confinement to another the rebel authorities issued, for three days' rations, one pint of shelled corn. This prisoner lost the use of both his feet.

Many of these sworn statements were the words of dying men. Others still live, monuments of the wanton cruelty of the rebel authorities.

We have stated that there were two hundred and eighty-seven cases of the character represented by our illustrations. On the 9th of April there were still left at Andersonville, Georgia, 2500 poor fellows, who remained there because they were unable to march.

As soon as these prisoners return to us they are treated with all possible kindness. None of those heroes who have died on the battle-field are more worthy of remembrance than such men as Doctors PALMER and BUZZELL, who literally worked themselves to death in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of our prisoners. Many of these famished prisoners come to us so exhausted that they are unable to receive proper food, and many of them die from the change in diet.

Dr. J. C. DALTON, Professor of Physiology and Microscopic Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, thus reports respecting the general condition of the prisoners delivered up at Wilmington:

> "The better cases were walking about the streets, perhaps barefooted, or with no other clothing than a pair of white cotton drawers and an old blanket or over-coat, both equally ragged. In these the slow, dragging gait, listless manner, and cavernous, inexpressive look of the face, together with the general emaciation, formed a peculiar aspect, by which they alone attracted the attention of the passer-by, and by which they were at once distinguished from the other convalescent soldiers. There was no occasion to inquire in Wilmington which were our returned prisoners; after half a day's experience any one could distinguish them at a glance. Many of them, who had strength to crawl about in this manner, were prevented from doing so by the want of clothing. Major RANDLETE, the Provost Marshal of Wilmington, told me that on one day forty of these men came into our lines *absolutely as naked as they were born*. I inquired of a considerable number of them, whom I saw in the hospitals confined to their beds, naked or with only a shirt, and covered with a hospital blanket, what had become of their clothing, and was told that they had thrown away what remained as soon as they could obtain shelter, because it was so ragged, filthy, and full of vermin. One of them, on being told that the Sanitary Commission had sent them flannel shirts and drawers, caught at the word with a childish eagerness and repeated the good news to his companions with a faint, half-imbecile smile, as long as I was within hearing. With the great majority of the feebler ones personal cleanliness was a thing which they appeared to have entirely forgotten. They no longer retained sufficient strength, either of mind or body, to appreciate or correct the degradation to which months of unavoidable uncleanliness had reduced them. In the most extreme cases the condition of the mind, as well as the expression of the face, was absolutely *fatuous*, and the aspect of the patient was not that of a strong man reduced by illness, but that of an idiotic pauper, who had been such from his birth. Nevertheless, several of the surgeons informed me that the condition of the patients had visibly improved since their reception, and that I could not then form an adequate idea of what it was when they entered our lines. In that case it must have been lamentable beyond description.
>
> "The testimony of both men and officers was uniform as to the causes of their unnatural condition. These causes were, first, starvation, and, second, exposure. Only such officers and men as could procure money were able to obtain any thing like sufficient nourishment. Some of them told me that during the entire winter they had received absolutely no meat; a pint of corn-meal, often with the cob ground in, sometimes with and sometimes without salt, a handful of "cow-pease," and sometimes sorghum molasses, constituted their usual ration. When in hospital, they had only very thin corn-meal gruel and a little corn-bread. To the debility occasioned by this insufficient food was added that resulting from exposure. It was a common thing for a prisoner, immediately on being taken, to be stripped of his clothing—shoes, socks, pantaloons, shirts, and drawers—and to be left with only an old and worn-out pair of drawers, and perhaps an equally worn-out shirt and blanket given him in exchange. This robbery of clothing was also practiced more or less upon officers. Even an assistant surgeon, who was captured within four miles of Richmond, told me that he was robbed of his flannel shirt while standing in front of the Libby Prison, and in presence of the rebel officer in charge of the squad. This was immediately after his arrival in the city, and when he had been, for the three days succeeding his capture, entirely without food. With the scanty clothing thus left them the men were kept during the winter, often without any shelter excepting such as they could contrive to provide by excavating a sort of rifle-pit in the ground, and covering it with old blankets or canvas, as their supply of fuel was insufficient, and sometimes entirely wanting. Even in the hospitals their suffering from cold was very great.
>
> "One of the most melancholy sights in Wilmington was that to be seen at the 'Geer' hospitals. In these hospitals were collected all those patients who had lost their feet, either wholly or in part, by freezing, from their exposure during the past winter, and this in a well-wooded country. In some of them two or three toes only, on one or both feet, were gangrened, and in process of separating by ulceration; in others both feet had entirely separated, and the patients were awaiting the time when their general strength and the condition of the stump would warrant a final amputation. In many cases the patients ascribed this gangrene directly to frost-bites received on particular occasions; in others to their illness from which they were suffering—generally fever combined with exposure. My own impression, derived from the result of many inquiries, was, that it was generally due to a continuous depression of the vital energies from starvation and neglect, resulting gradually in a destruction of the life of those parts most exposed to the cold and the weather."

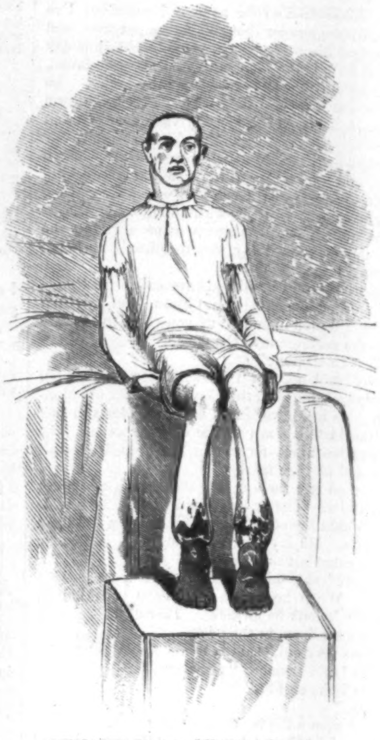
But the record of cruelty is not confined to the special class of cases which we have been considering. It is known that our prisoners have been treated with every sort of indignity. Letters from home have been withheld. Rewards have been offered to the rebel guard for shooting any who should cross a certain limit known as the dead line. These rewards were offered with a knowledge of the fact that many would thus be killed who trespassed thoughtlessly beyond the limits, and many more from a desire to end a life so miserable. These rewards were a premium both on murder and suicide. It has been proven by reliable testimony that the Libby Prison at Richmond was undermined for the purpose of blowing it up in case any of our cavalry raids should succeed in entering the rebel capital—thus retaliating for a legitimate act of war by an act of useless and wanton cruelty inflicted upon innocent men.

These cruelties were not the result of accident but of a deliberate purpose. By this we do not mean that the Southern people were committed to these acts. In many cases their humanity compelled them, though in opposition to the authorities, to attempt the alleviation of the sufferings which they witnessed. When our wasted prisoners entered Wilmington, before the capture of that city, many of the citizens tried to supply them with food, but were kept from doing so by an armed force of rebel soldiers. In a letter written to General WINDER by Colonel OULD, March 17, 1863, the latter says:

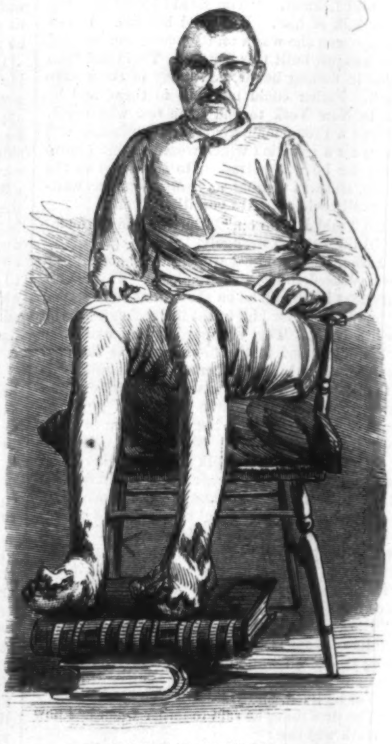
> "The arrangements I have made (for exchanging prisoners) works largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches and receive some of the best material I ever saw."

HENRY S. FOOTE, the rebel Senator, offered to go before a court of justice and testify to the fact that a portion of the rebel Congress once visited Mr. DAVIS to remonstrate against the treatment of Union prisoners, and the petition was refused by Mr. DAVIS and his cabinet on the ground of policy merely. We have read in history of terrible cruelties inflicted upon the defenseless in revolutionary times. We understand how it was in the streets of Paris, when poor men had cried for bread in vain, and at length resorted to violence. There is some poor plea, too, for those, who, in the excitement of battle, cry "No quarter!" and slay their prisoners on the spot. But who ever heard before of men who called themselves Christians coolly and on principle starving men to death for no other crime than that of fighting for their country? And yet Mr. MITCHEL, the new editor of the *Daily News*, tells us that DAVIS has waged an honorable war, according to all the high usages of a Christian and civilized age.

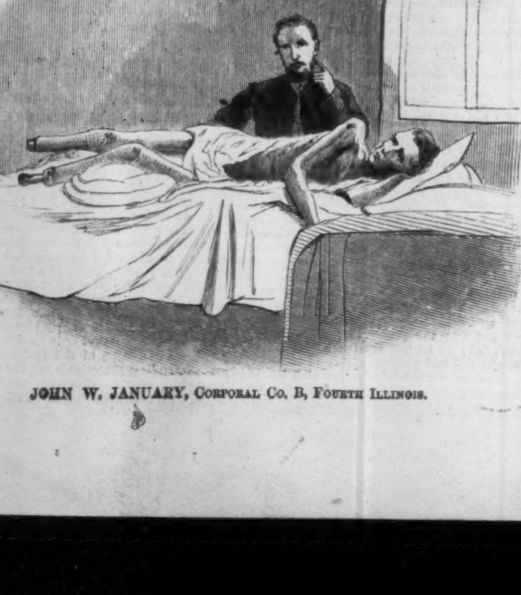
The rebellions of which history takes note have had various aspects. Rebel leaders have not always been instigators of arson and murder. There have been rebels who have even elicited the respect of honorable minds. But DAVIS and his fellows have chosen for themselves a blacker record. Not content to have been the cause of the most needless war ever waged, they have affiliated themselves with crimes which are revolting to every Christian civilization except that of the chivalrous, slave-holding South.



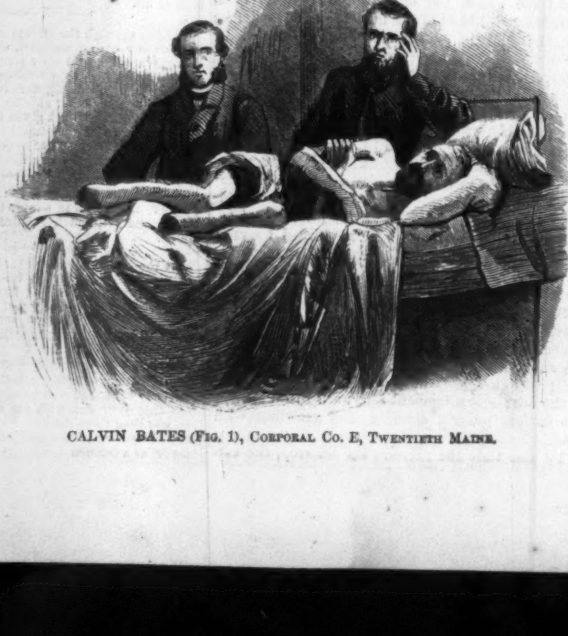
BENJAMIN T. DAUGHERTY (FIG. 2).



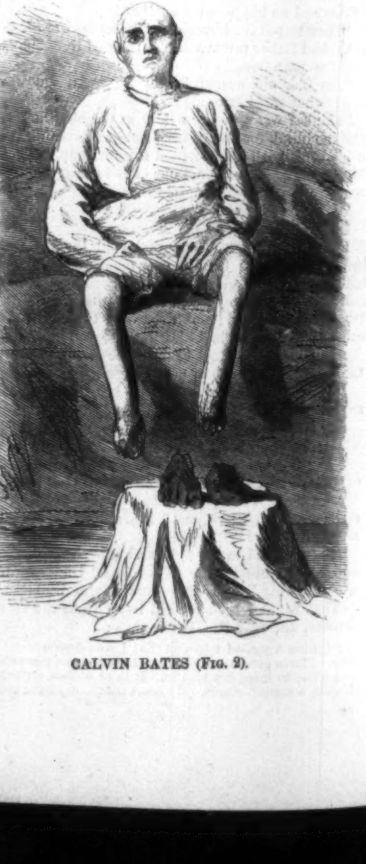
JOHN H. MATTHEWS,
CORPORAL COMPANY F, FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA.



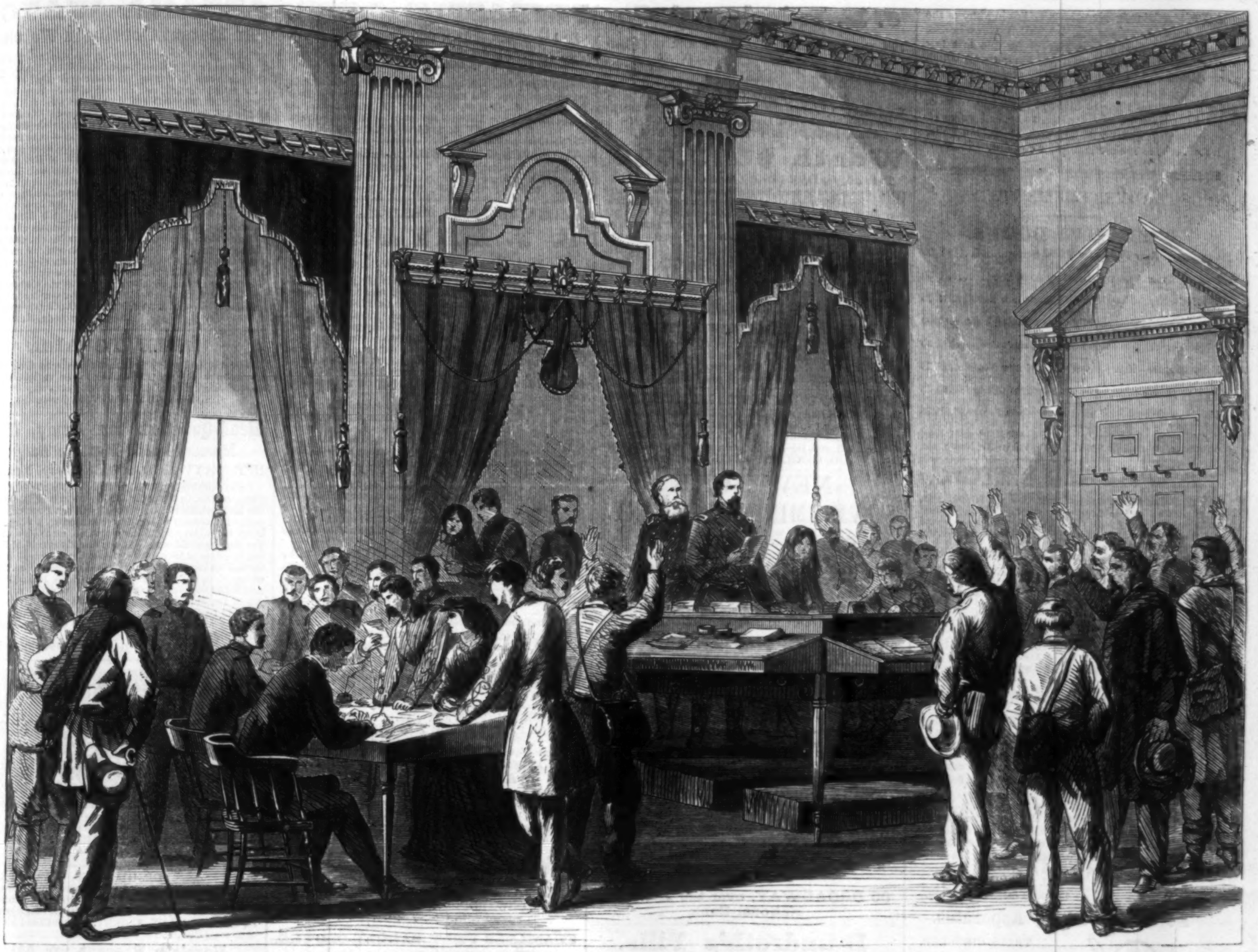
JOHN W. JANUARY, CORPORAL CO. B, FOURTH ILLINOIS.



CALVIN BATES (FIG. 1), CORPORAL CO. E, TWENTIETH MAINE.



CALVIN BATES (FIG. 2).

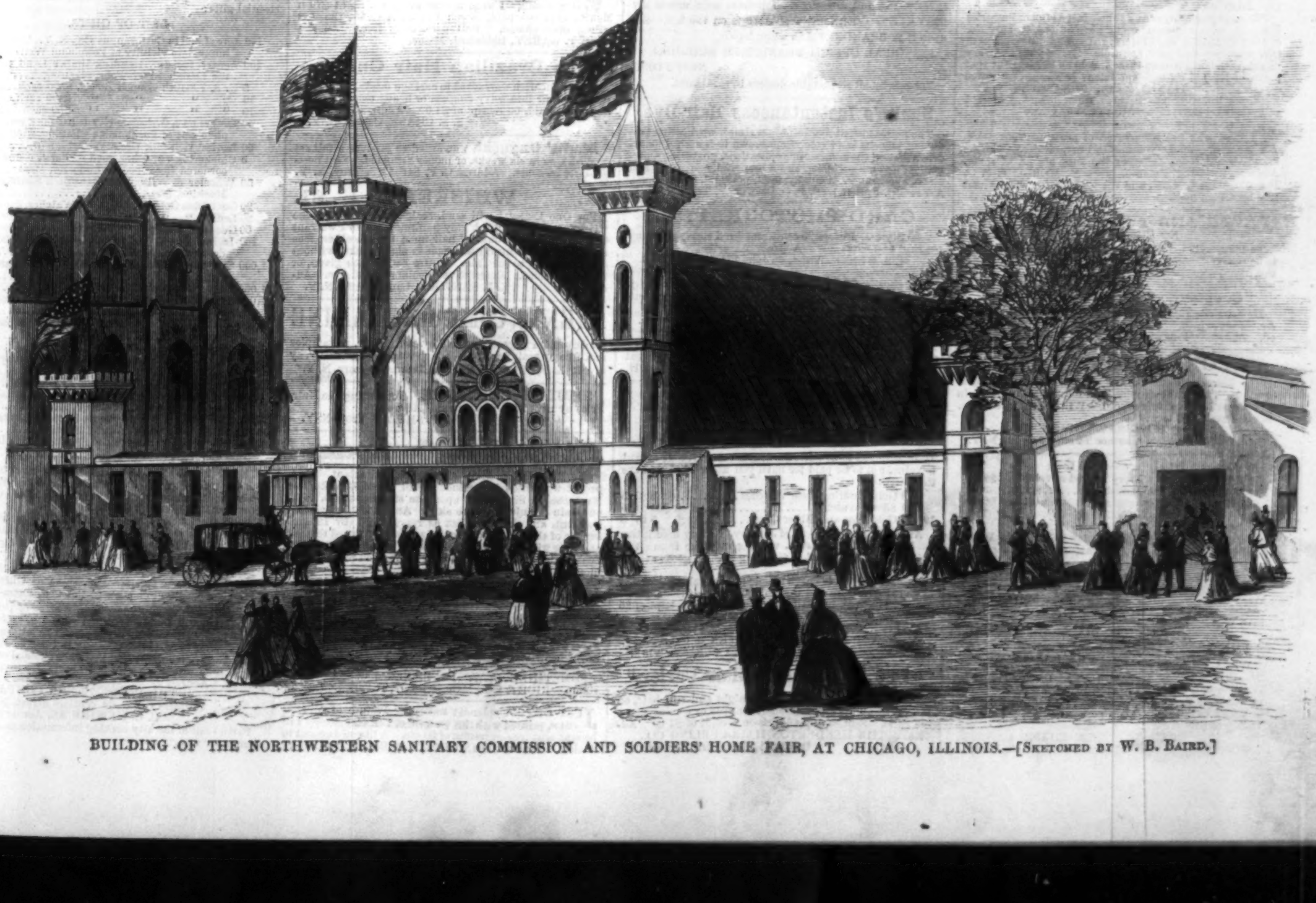


REBEL SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

THE SANITARY FAIR AT CHICAGO.

We publish on this page an illustration of the Sanitary Fair building at Chicago. The Fair was opened on Tuesday, May 30. Governor Oglesby delivered an address upon the occasion, and T. Buchanan Reid read a poem. It was a great day in Chicago. The streets were thronged with a long procession of people. Preparations have long been making for this event. It is intended that a portion of the proceeds of the Fair shall be devoted to the erection of a Soldiers' Home in Chicago.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 sick and wounded soldiers now in hospital all over the land. These will require months of careful treatment. It is evident, therefore, that the work of the Sanitary Commission is not yet fully accomplished. As this noble association followed our brave soldiers to the field so must they precede them as they return with their beneficent provisions. We notice that Professor Goldwin Smith has contributed to the Fair at Chicago an exquisite painting by Mr. Briton Riviere. He says: "I wish I were a millionaire that I might make a more valuable offering."



BUILDING OF THE NORTHWESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION AND SOLDIERS' HOME FAIR, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—[Sketched by W. B. Baird.]

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitation, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW BOOKS.

Orpheus C. Kerr Papers—a *Third* Series	$1 50
Looking Around—a new novel by A. S. Roe	$1 50
Wylder's Hand—Sheridan Le Fanu's new novel	$1 75
Superior Fishing—Roosevelt's new sporting book	$2 00
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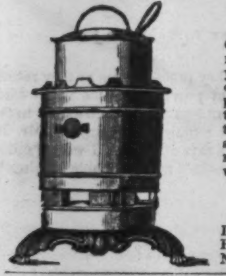

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For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

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50 Wheeler & Wilson's double-stitch Sewing-Machine, $50	2,500
20 Gents' fine Gold Hunting-Case Watches, $150	3,000
20 Ladies' " " " " " $100	2,000
50 Gents' " silver " " " $40.	2,000
100 Ladies' fine Gold Lockets, large, $10; 100 do. do., small, $7	1,700
1,000 Sets fine Gold Jewelry Breast-pin and Ear-rings, $15	15,000
1,000 Ladies' fine Gold Finger-Rings, $6	6,000
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GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

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A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT, and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers* of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. COLONEL in place of King, GODDESS OF LIBERTY for Queen, and MAJOR for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

The Great New England Remedy.

Dr. J. W. Poland's White Pine Compound has been proved in thousands of cases throughout the New England States to be the very best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections and all Kidney complaints. This Compound cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Dyptheria, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Hydrocele, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.

In most cases one bottle is sufficient to effect a cure. Give it a trial.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Illinois, Agents for Northwestern States.

JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, Agent for Southwestern States.

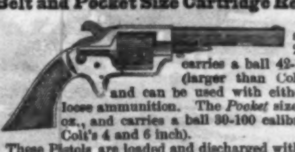
Sold by all druggists.

TO THE LADIES.

Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. For sale by all Druggists. Price $2 per bottle. Send for circular.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S

Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

MERWIN & BRAY are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breach-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be *purchased*. These Rifles were used by Captains Crawford and Fisk on the Overland Expedition to the Pacific, under orders of the U. S. Government. The General Government and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.

Address orders to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 262 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

FREE TO EVERY BODY.

Any body sending their address will receive by return mail a sample and catalogue of articles of value to every one. Sure to please all. Address
C. F. BRIDGES & CO., 658 Broadway, N.Y.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in *no* case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Musical Boxes, each	$20	to	$150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200	"	500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20	"	50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30	"	100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20	"	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	"	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	"	50
3000	" Castors	15	"	50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	"	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	"	20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	"	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	"	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35	"	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	"	70
200	Diamond Rings	50	"	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	"	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	"	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	"	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	"	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10	"	20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	"	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	"	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	"	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	"	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	"	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	"	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5	"	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	"	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

PRINTERS' AND BINDERS' WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture TYPE-REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines.

Bed and Platen Power Presses,
FOR
Book, Job, and Card Printing.

STEAM ENGINES, HYDRAULIC PRESSES with wrought-iron cylinders, Standing Presses of various kinds, Chases, Furniture, Cases, Stands, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, and every article connected with the arts of Letterpress, Copperplate and Lithographic Printing, Bookbinding, Stereotyping, and Electrotyping, always on hand, or furnished at short notice.

They would also call attention of Publishers of Newspapers to their New

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS,
AND THEIR
SINGLE LARGE CYLINDER
Hand Printing Machine,

Either of which is especially designed to supply Newspapers of moderate circulation with a cheap, plain, and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary Job work of an out of town office. They are designed to run exclusively by hand, at a speed of 700 or 800 per hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

A new CATALOGUE, containing cuts and descriptions of many new Machines not before shown in their book, with directions for putting up, working, &c., and other useful information, is now in press, and when completed will be sent to any of the craft who will furnish their address.

R. HOE & CO.,
New York and Boston, Mass.

Publishers of Newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement, displayed as above, three times in their *weekly paper, with this note*, at any time during the next six months, but not later, provided they purchase type or material of our manufacture for *four times the amount of their bill*, which will be allowed in settlement of ours, on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement.

May 10th, 1865.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of only *one preparation*. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Informartion never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

PORTABLE
PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER,

At wholesale prices, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

1000 Buff letter envelopes, extra thick	$4 00
500 white note envelopes, double thick	3 00
One ream super thick note paper	3 00
One box (250) new style opaque envelope	2 00
One ream very thick first-class note	4 50

Samples sent if requested.

HASKINS & CO., Stationers and Envelope Manufacturers, 36 Beekman Street, New York.

"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."—Richard Cobden, the Orator and Reformer; Mrs. De Lesdernier; Siamese Twins; A Kaffir Witch Doctor, and the Assassin of the President, with Portraits. How to treat the Conquered; "Revenge;" A Sensible Prayer. PHRENOLOGY EXAMINED; The Beard; Beauty on a Horse; "SIGNS OF CHARACTER;" Soul Life and Body Life; COURTSHIP AS IT SHOULD BE—in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June. Only 20 cents by first post—Newsmen have it. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y. All six illustrated Nos. from Jan. to June sent for $1.

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FOR JUNE, 1865.

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And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

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